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Dance and Dancers

JANUARY 1961

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Dancer of the Year

In La Fille Mal Gardée. *Photo : Houston Rogers.*

ALEXANDER GRANT

IT was the first night of a new ballet. An old man came on stage with a certain shuffling dignity, and took a seat at the side of the proscenium arch. He was wearing what looked like a long blue dressing-gown and a funny hat. During the course of the ballet he idly turned the pages of a book, and at the end he shuffled off from whence he came. The year 1946, the ballet Celia Franca's *Khadra,* and the "old man" was Alexander Grant, in his first created rôle. His subsequent creations have proved more energetic.

A New Zealander by birth, Grant is probably the first great British character dancer, and certainly one of the finest character dancers in the world today. His first big chance came when he was given Brian Shaw's rôle in *Symphonic Variations,* later (in 1947), Massine cast him as the Poodle in *La Boutique Fantasque.* The Barber in Massine's *Mam'zelle Angot* followed, then the Jester in *Cinderella,* and Grant was embarked on the long series of creations that was to bring fame to him and lustre to the Royal Ballet.

It would be tedious to list all his rôles, which have ranged from the Leading Ivan in *The Sleeping Beauty* to the Rake in *The Rake's Progress.* But he has been at his best in the great succession of rôles created for him by Ashton, and here he has left his mark on the repertory which will persist long after he himself has retired. His qualities and his style of dancing have become embedded into so many of the new British classics that future generations of British ballet-goers will be seeing his ghost, as surely as we today see the ghost of Cecchetti in Petipa's *Blue Bird.*

Last year he had what was perhaps the greatest success of his career to date with Alain in *La Fille Mal Gardée.* After being acclaimed for his dancing and acting in London, he received equal plaudits when the ballet was seen in New York. Perhaps this rôle more than any other shows Grant's qualities *in excelsis,* being to him what Ondine is to Fonteyn or Lise is to Nerina. This Alain, with its radiant stupidity, its irresistibly wrong-headed high spirits, its lovable pathos and its gentle humanity, is beautifully portrayed. Grant's dancing is, of course, brilliant, but far better is his complete identification with the rôle, wherein lies his claim to greatness.

JANUARY 1961 12th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 12 No. 1

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. Mason.
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

Golden Goose

IN Royal Blue covers, the Royal Opera House has issued the public cards-on-the-table which is its annual report, and if you want to study it carefully you can have one all of your own for the price of one shilling. It is heartening to learn that in the past financial year the overdraft has fallen from £183,248 to £124,234. Happy as we are to learn this fact, rejoicings are tempered with the warning that such a state is only temporary as it has been brought about by "the substantial earnings guaranteed to the rigorous tour which the Royal Ballet is undertaking in America". The year 1961/62, when no such tour is in prospect, will bring fresh anxieties. Before any further comment let us turn to a later page and study the production costs. Here we discover that five new opera productions cost £60,824, while the same number of new ballets cost £23,340.

The difference, £40,484, seems to be excessive, though it must be remembered that all the operas are full-evening works, whereas the ballets, apart from *La Fille Mal Gardée,* take up only a third of any programme. This latter work was the only one to cost more than any opera, and the £1,302 of this excess seems a mere nothing when you think that *Fille* is one of the best money-spinners that Covent Garden has had since their first production of *The Sleeping Beauty* and that the opera in question was *Medea,* shown only at a few performances for Maria Callas.

None of us are really in any position to criticise because the fact that Covent Garden can keep open all the year round, apart from a few weeks' annual holiday (anyway far shorter than in almost any opera house in the world) is cause for wonder. A post-war generation can have no idea, used as they are to the present state of affairs, just what cause for wonder this really is. But I begin to wonder also whether these tatty money-making tours of America (after all there are only three towns in the States of real consequence from a ballet point of view) are really the way to pay for, say, a £20,103 production of Verdi's *Macbeth.* The Paris Opéra, for instance, have found recently that a small budget production of *Samson and Delilah* brings in far more money than an immense-budget production of *Carmen.*

It would seem that a little more attention to proper artistic direction and less to lavish production would obviate this major-company-touring of minor towns. It would also leave the ballet company more free to visit other countries where their success could be diplomatic as well as financial and artistic. Many more five and six-month tours might well, in the end, kill the only goose that lays the golden egg.

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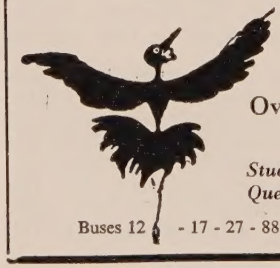

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Credits and Discredits of 1960

DANCE AND DANCERS NEW YEAR'S HONOURS: To Frederick Ashton for *La Fille Mal Gardée*, and for having a choreographic success in New York as great as any of the performers in the Royal Ballet; to Marie Rambert and Elsa-Marianne Von Rosen for their production of Bournonville's *La Sylphide*; to Nadia Nerina for having achieved the greatest success of any foreign dancer visiting Soviet Russia to date; to P. J. S. Richardson for having founded *The Dancing Times* fifty years ago when such a publication was almost unique and for personally having kept it going up to his retirement, a few years ago, as editor; to Dr. Julian Braunsweg for having kept London's Festival Ballet together despite the loss of their star, Artistic Director and many other members of the company; to London's Festival Ballet for having had such a triumphant success during their South American tour that the British Council has been encouraged to take quite a new view on the possibilities of ballet as a means of cultural diplomacy; to Western Theatre Ballet for having made such a phoenix-like re-appearance; to the ballet public in Britain's provincial cities who have provided boom tours for all the four British companies during the autumn; to Dame Margot Fonteyn for the way she collects the world's foremost stars to dance, for free, at her annual Gala Matinée in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing.

NO HONOUR TO: whoever is responsible for still misrepresenting the "touring or junior or second" Royal Ballet Company as being the major Royal Ballet from Covent Garden. The two companies are still miles short of being equal halves of the same apple, which does not mean that there is anything lacking in the "juniors", it is just that audiences are not seeing what they think they are going to see, and this puts the "juniors or tourers or seconds" at a disadvantage from the start. No honour either to those organisations on each side of the Atlantic for not sending us New York City Ballet in exchange for the Royal Ballet.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!: That the Paris audience who rejected the Royal Ballet's *Le Lac des Cygnes* and *La Belle au Bois Dormant* a few years ago as being far too long and too boring for the French, is now packing nightly, over a period of several months, into the International Ballet de Marquis de Cuevas's *La Belle au Bois Dormant*; that Ram Gopal's partner during his most recent West End season, at Princes Theatre, was none other than that most Western of ballerinas — Alicia Markova.

PERFORMANCES OF THE YEAR: Nadia Nerina, David Blair, Alexander Grant and Stanley Holden in *La Fille Mal Gardée*; Margot Fonteyn in the film of *Ondine*; Lynn Seymour, Annette Page and Belinda Wright in the title rôle in *Giselle*; Flemming Flindt and Elsa-Marianne Von Rosen in *La Sylphide*; Deanne Bergsma as the Lilac Fairy in *The Sleeping Beauty*; Donald Britton in *Sweeney Todd*; Svetlana Beriosova, Lynn Seymour and Donald MacLeary in *Le Baiser de la Fée*; Merle Park in *Les Rendezvous*; John Gilpin in *Symphony for Fun* and other rôles during the last weeks of Festival Ballet's London season; Lynn Seymour and Desmond Doyle in *The Invitation*.

MOVEMENTS OF THE YEAR: Peggy Van Praagh to Australia to reorganise the Borovansky Ballet; Ailne Phillips to teach in Turkey; Miro Zolan to direct a school in Iran; Kenneth Melville to Canadian National Ballet.

CHARM PRIZE FOR 1960: To the Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company, who were as charming and friendly off-stage as was their delightful and splendidly produced performance on stage.

EXPERIMENT PRIZE FOR 1960: The idea of combining several companies in the Théâtre de la Monnaie programmes at Sadler's Wells Theatre. It was a box office success and if the results were uneven the idea had bravery and grandeur and should be developed; Ballet Ventures 1960, in which Norman Dixon made a bold attempt at presenting ballet-in-the-round which even if not completely successful at least gave everyone something to argue about.

YOU CAME TO THE WRONG PLACE: The Zambra company of Madrid to the far too big Palace Theatre; *An Evening with Zizi Jeanmaire* to the far too small Royalty Theatre.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME AT ALL: The production of *The Princess* from Florida.

GLAD YOU CAME: Stars of the Russian Ballet, Little Ballet Troupe of Bombay, Indrani, Zizi Jeanmaire, Elsa-Marianne Von Rosen, Flemming Flindt, Violette Verdy, Léon Woizikowsky as Regisseur for London's Festival Ballet, Antonio, Maria Tallchief, Marjorie Tallchief, Nina Vyroubova, George Skibine, Erik Bruhn, André Prokovsky, who came from long distances over the seas to dance at the R.A.D. Gala.

NERINA AND BLAIR as Lise and Colas in the pas de deux *in Frederick Ashton's* La Fille Mal Gardée *which brought them and also the Royal Ballet one of its most popular successes of recent years. Lifts of this kind, until recently confined mainly to Soviet dancers, are now becoming a regular practice in British ballet.*
Photo: Houston Rogers.

YOU COULD HAVE REPRESENTED YOUR COUNTRIES BETTER: The Mexican Dance Company, Ballets Africains.

THINK-BEFORE-YOU-SPEAK DEPT.: "In the world of ballet one can claim modestly, proudly and without chauvinism that only two ballet companies stand out above all others — the Bolshoi, Moscow, and our own Royal Ballet," said Nadia Nerina in an article in the *Sunday Times* (the Paris Opéra, the Royal Danish Ballet, New York City Ballet are throwing their hats in the air about this one).

"The Borovansky is the only major ballet company in the world not nationally subsidised," said Peggy Van Praagh in a "Meet the Press" interview in Melbourne (the New York City Ballet and other *major* American companies are throwing their hats even higher in the air about this one, too).

CREATIONS WE WELCOMED: Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée*, MacMillan's *Le Baiser de la Fée*, Darrell's *Chiaroscuro*, Powell's *One in Five*.

CREATIONS WE DID NOT WELCOME: Lifar's *Bonaparte à Nice*, Jo-Anna's *The Princess*, Morrice's *The Three Wise Monkeys*, Petit's *Rain*.

MYSTERIES OF THE YEAR: What happened to the "Annual" Dolin awards? What happened to the Voodoo company that it

Continued on page 25

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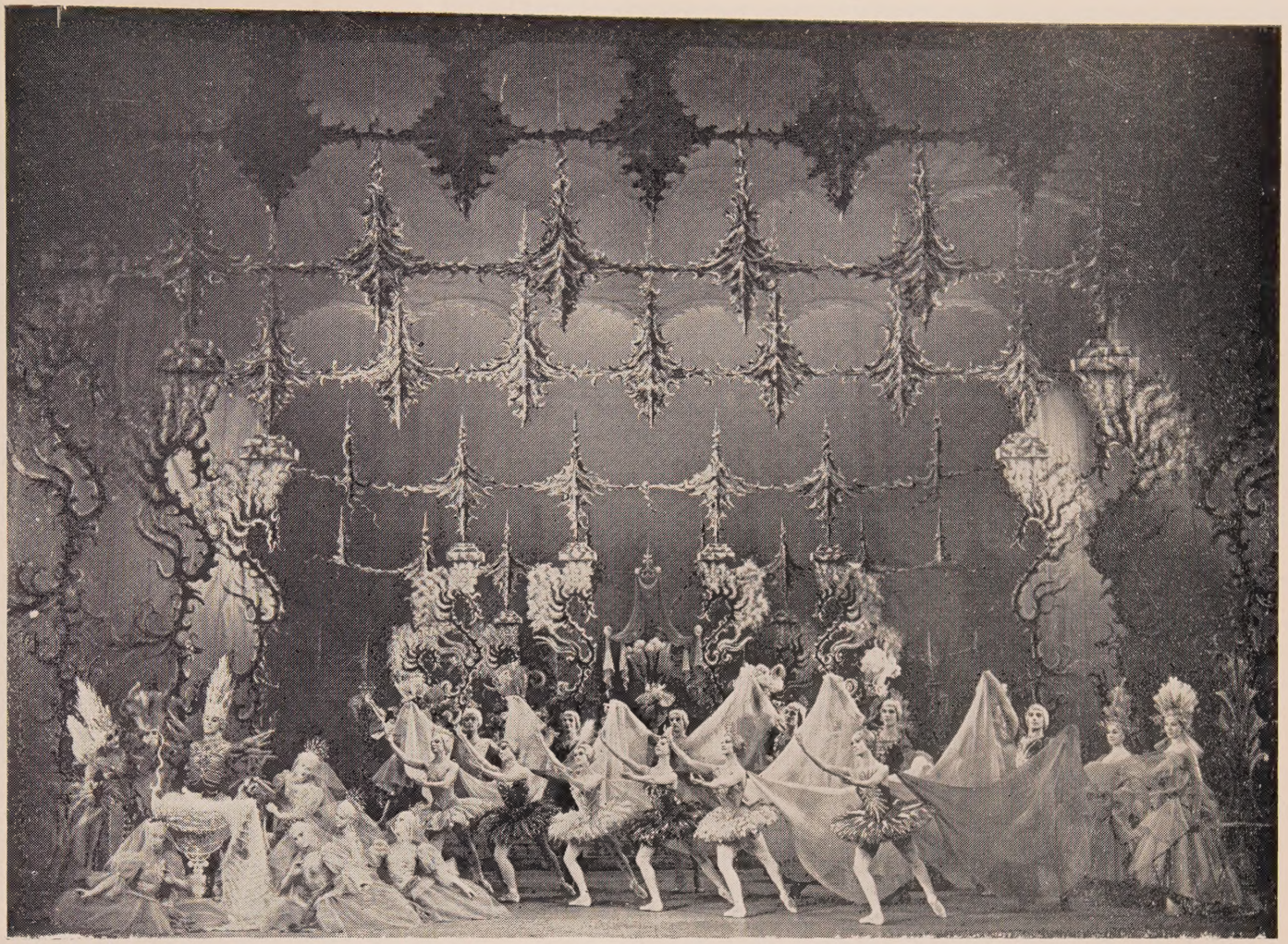


THE PROLOGUE: The fairies attend the christening of Princess Aurora in Ramond Larrain's spectacular setting for the prologue of The Sleeping Beauty *at the Champs-Elysées Theatre in Paris.*

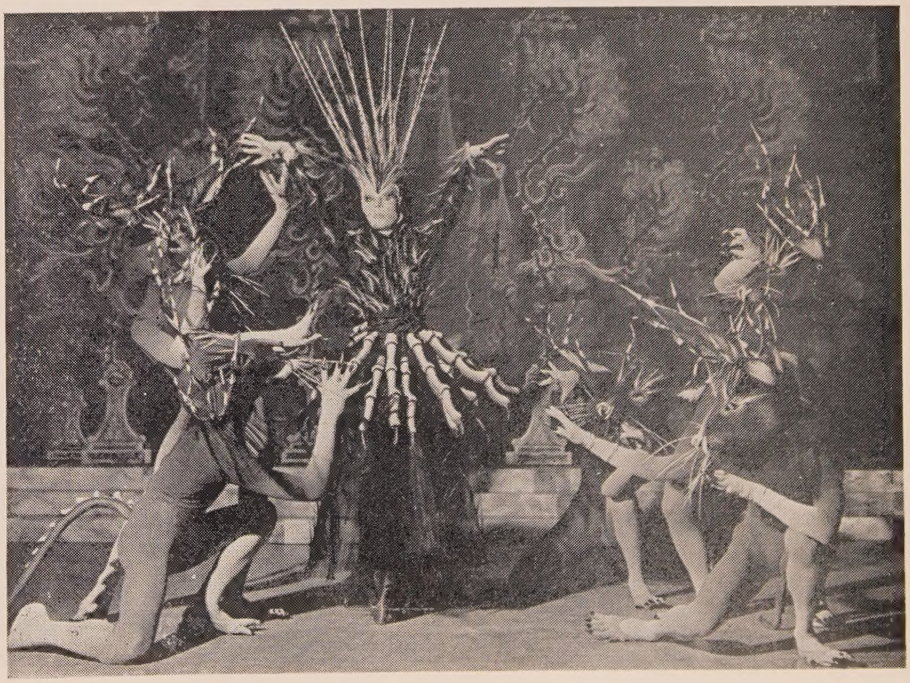
The Marquis and 'The Beauty'

First impressions of Tchaikovsky's The Sleeping Beauty **given by the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in Paris and which is playing to full houses in a season of several months.**

by MARIE-FRANCOISE CHRISTOUT

Photographed by SERGE LIDO

IN his production of *The Sleeping Beauty* the Marquis de Cuevas pays homage to both Serge Diaghilev, who presented it nearly 40 years ago, and to the grand classical tradition. Certainly a production of this work, already made known here by the Royal Ballet, is no longer such a daring move as were the productions of *La Création du monde* and *Parade*. But for a private company it is an enormous undertaking — as much on the technical plane as on the financial. One cannot but acknowledge and praise the Marquis' courage. Thus



THE ENTRANCE OF CARABOSSE: The evil fairy Carabosse (Olga Adabache) arrives to disturb the celebration during the christening of Princess Aurora.

Tchaikovsky's two principal works, in their entirety, will figure simultaneously in the winter season—*The Sleeping Beauty* at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées and *Le Lac des Cygnes* at the Opéra. The Parisian public which has for so long opposed the grand ballets now seems to have overcome its lack of interest. They participate with obvious pleasure in the pages of this sumptuous picture-book, which the Marquis, a contemporary Maecenas, has conjured up. Moreover, they applaud the indomitable vitality and moving interest which he shows once more to the French capital and its dancing.

TWO AURORAS, TWO PRINCES (above): Left, Rosella Hightower, as Princess Aurora, with Nicholas Polajenko as Prince Florimund. Right, Liane Daydé and Serge Golovine in the same rôles. They play on alternate performances and were joined by Nina Vyroubova in the middle of December.

BLUEBIRDS (left): Beatriz Consuelo and George Goviloff in the Bluebird pas de deux *from the last act.*

It would seem that the designer has stolen a march on the choreographer with his yards and yards of sequined tulle, gilded paniers and extravagant tiaras. Therefore, it seems logical to begin by discussing the décors and costumes before considering the more purely choreographic domain. One's first impression of Raymond Larrain's work is one of incredible sumptuousness and mannered refinement. It brings to mind a little Bérain, Boquet, and, especially, Bérard. But this latter recognised the value of restraint and the stumbling block of bringing the approach of *haute couture* fashion to the theatre. For example, he would have avoided some of Larrain's colours, notably in the last scene, and, above all, he would have recognised the danger of uniformity whilst respecting scenic credibility and the rules of contrast. But here rather morbid fantasy rules throughout. Servants, fairies, peasant girls and court ladies regardless — all wear silver wigs embellished with aigrettes, they are clustered with diamonds, shrouded in taffeta capes, and beribboned with satins or in muslin studded with pearls. The palace gardens at Princess Aurora's birthday celebrations rather resemble some surrealistic demon's lair. And thus this scene scarcely contrasts with the retreat, surrounded by bewitched trees, amidst which the Beauty sleeps. Where is the sunlit good nature of Perrault which can blend the styles of Le Nain, Poussin and Bérard? Some adaptations of costume detail were inevitable to facilitate the dancing of the soloists. But praise must be given to the dazzling entrance of the Fairy Carabosse, with all her claws showing and her vast bat's wings

beating over her head.

The reproduction of the choreography, which was at first by Nijinska, was entrusted to Robert Helpmann on the eve of its creation. The main dances conform to the work's tradition. Thus it is first to Petipa, and then to Nijinska (whom one recognises here and there in an angular position of the arms and of the hands) that one must attribute the ballet, Helpmann being only responsible for the conscious co-ordination of the whole in its final presentation.

The main rôles have been shared among the principal dancers in succession. Rosella Hightower, whose interpretation we will describe in more detail next month, shows to the full her perfect assurance, the virtuosity of her finishing poses, and the perfection and restraint of a disciplined style : thereby achieving a type of poetry that is not habitual to her. Partnering her, Nicholas Polajenko showed he has made definite progress. Liane Daydé, who took over the rôle on November 3, has the freshness and youthful charm of Aurora, but, unfortunately, her style leaves much to be desired. Through a lack of fluidity and discipline — she betrays effort, underlying the actual choreography rather heavily. Serge Golovine, by his assurance, elegance and innate lightness, affirms himself as one of the best Prince Charmings imaginable. Génia Melikova brings a special blend of sweetness to the Lilac Fairy and is vividly in contrast to Olga Adabache as the malignant Carabosse. Daniel Sellier, André Prokovsky and George Goviloff all stand out and are worthy of note.

VISION AND MARRIAGE : Above, Liane Daydé as the vision of Princess Aurora (on the extreme left of the picture) surrounded by fairies. A scene from the second act of the sumptuous de Cuevas production of The Sleeping Beauty.
Below, the final scene of the ballet when Princess Aurora marries Prince Florimund, who has awoken her after her hundred-year sleep. This elaborate production has completely changed the French attitude towards full-length works, which previously were always considered to be too long and boring for a Parisian audience. In the near future, the Paris Opéra is to mount the full-length Le Lac des Cygnes, *and it is expected that it too will meet with equal success.*

OPUS 65: Two pictures of Diana Adams and Bill Carter in part two of Balanchine's new ballet to Brahms' Liebeslieder Walzer. *For this second part, the tulle ballerina skirt replaced the evening dresses worn by the dancers and seen in the picture of part one on the opposite page.*

Liebeslieder Walzer

First given by New York City Ballet at New York City Centre on November 22, 1960. Music by Johannes Brahms (Opus 52 and 65). Choreography by George Balanchine. Costumes by Karinska. Scenery and lighting by David Hays.

DANCERS

DIANA ADAMS — MELISSA HAYDEN — JILLANA — VIOLETTE VERDY
BILL CARTER — CONRAD LUDLOW — NICHOLAS MAGALLANES
JONATHAN WATTS

NOTE:

The first set of waltzes (Opus 52) was composed by Brahms when he finally decided to live in Vienna in 1869. Compared to the larger works, the great choral and orchestral works, the brief, small-scaled waltzes have never found a mass audience, although they were composed with considerable attention, and the success of the first series caused a second (Opus 65) to be created in 1874, utilizing some materials which were left over from the original set. The poems which Brahms used were by an obscure writer of the epoch, Friedrich Daumer; however, the final song of the second series is by Goethe. Balanchine has used the entire two sections, and the atmosphere reflects the social dances of Vienna during the mid-century. There is a difference in mood between Opus 52 and Opus 65. The former is more intimate and domestic, the latter more theatrical. The music never describes the text with its conventional references to love and nature, nor is there any story to the ballet. Instead it is a parallel to Brahms' overwhelming interest in the rhythm and sweep of the dance-movement itself. Among the great waltz-composers, Lanner, the Strausses (father and son), Offenbach, Richard Strauss and Ravel, Brahms is by no means the least, and although there is always the 3/4 beat as base and the songs are simple, the variety, invention, freshness and feeling of the combined voices and keyboard are always extraordinary.

CHOREOGRAPHY

GEORGE BALANCHINE has created a ravishingly romantic and a gloriously beautiful new ballet that is one of the most elegant new works seen in any category of the New York theatre thus far this season.

Just how does one go about describing the choreography for an enchantment? After but one seeing (and this is certainly a ballet that requires at least half a dozen visits to encompass its richness) and one hearing, it seems that Balanchine has captured and epitomized the essence of the waltz for once and for all time. Suddenly, the ballet, which actually takes 55 minutes of running time, is over, leaving the beholder both touched and enriched. All of this happens in something that could probably (but not quite) be termed an abstract ballet, and, at that, with Brahms' music, which may well be the most unlikely choice one could imagine George Balanchine might select. The result, however, is sheer delight from start to finish.

Previously, of course, Balanchine has shown that he was the master of three-quarter time when he choreographed *La Valse,* by Ravel, as well as in the stunning theatre dances he composed for the memorable *Song of Norway,* to name but two examples. In this instance, however, he has devised his waltz magic in a far more subtle and more dramatically exciting manner. When the curtain rises, one discovers two pianists and a singing quartet, dressed in formal evening clothes, at one side of the stage playing, singing and behaving as one might imagine them to be in an elegant ballroom during the late 19th-century. The décor, which changes with the choreography, is, at first, a circle of candle-lit candelabras that resembles a diamond crown. This is backed by a skeletal

baroque setting consisting chiefly of huge garden doors that are used for the exits and entrances of the eight dancers. Four couples are dancing, the girls in formal evening gowns in pale shades of ivory with colour accents. The men are in white tie and tails worn with black tights. Interestingly enough, however, both the girls and men are wearing shoes, rather than slippers, and they are dancing ballroom variations of the waltz. The girls wear heeled shoes, the men are in patent leather pumps.

Part 1, which employs Brahms' Opus 52, is danced throughout in these costumes, and the versions of the waltz are endlessly new and fresh. Although there is no plot as such, there is a very obvious sense of relationships and romance.

Part 2 of *Liebeslieder Walzer,* which is danced to Brahms' Opus 65, appears to be set in a moonlit sky with only the doors remaining from the first scene and with glittering stars replacing the candles on the crown-like candelabra. Now the girl dancers are on point and in multi-coloured tulle ballet costumes of the most subtle and exquisite shades. Here, the waltz takes off, as it were, into space and atmosphere in balletically heightened versions. Towards the conclusion, as the lights dim, one by one the couples drift off, only to reappear at the conclusion in the original ballgowns, returning, as it were, to reality.

While Balanchine may well be paying homage to romance and beauty and living that is elegantly ordered, he has also devised an etiquette and deportment for his dancers that is exemplary. What's more, even the Bolshoi Ballet might well be envious of his dancers' *port de bras* and gloriously arched backs.

DANCING

THE eight dancers in this ballet — Violette Verdy, Diana Adams, Melissa Hayden, Jillana, as well as Nicholas Magallanes, Conrad Ludlow, Bill Carter and Jonathan Watts — are all superb. Indeed, it would be difficult to select any for further praise than this save to add that Violette Verdy and Nicholas Magallanes were especially noteworthy and twice drew storms of applause for their variations.

MUSIC

AS noted in the programme, Brahms' waltzes are small-scaled but are set to some charming poems. Opus 52, used for the actual ballroom sequence in Part 1, is more intimate, while Part 2 is considerably more theatrical and lends itself admirably to its extensions into classical ballet. The use of two pianists and the voices of a soprano, contralto, tenor and bass lend a texture and a setting for these dances that is far more appropriate than a full-sized orchestra sweeping everything before it in three-quarter time. As staged by Balanchine, it appears that even the pianists and singers are choreographed in their attitudes and performance, and both they and the dancers are at all times an integral unit. The dancers are never illustrating or visualising the songs. Rather, all seem to be taking an equal part in something that might well be termed lyric theatre.

DECOR

IF George Balanchine is the hero for this occasion, certainly Mme Karinska is the heroine, for her formal ball-gowns and ballet dresses are superbly designed, coloured, cut and executed. Similarly, David Hays is to be commended for his setting that changes from mid-19th-century reality into a glorious fantasy that appears to be set in the clouds, and his lighting is wonderfully cued to the change of scene and atmosphere.

OPUS 52 : Jillana and Conrad Ludlow in part one of Balanchine's Liebeslieder Walzer. *Karinska's ball-gown with its ruffled petticoat.*

Salute to Italy

THE New York City Ballet's *Salute to Italy* in honour of the centennial celebration of the unification of Italy, presented two premières by George Balanchine. The first, and to me the more considerably interesting of these, was *Monumentum Pro Gesualdo,* and the score was Igor Stravinsky's reconstruction of three madrigals by Gesualdo di Venosa. Originally composed for five voices, these were "recomposed for instruments". Danced in rehearsal tights and leotards (George Balanchine is said to have removed the newly-designed costumes at dress rehearsal), it featured Diana Adams, the continually improving Conrad Ludlow and six couples. Beautifully designed and performed, it was, in essence, a simple ballet, lasting less than ten minutes, but full of new and interesting extensions of the ballet range. It has a serenity and a sense of composition that is admirable and, in the full range of Balanchine's creative styles, it appeared at first seeing to be more akin to *Four Temperaments* and *Divertimento* than it did to his more extreme *Agon* and *Episodes.*

The second ballet, *Variations from Don Sebastian,* set to music by Donizetti, proved to be more of a technical *tour de force* for Melissa Hayden, who was partnered by Jonathan Watts, and a group of six girls and their men, than an integrated ballet that one can expect to have a long life in the repertoire. Interestingly enough, however, the audience gave it a far warmer welcome than it did its predecessor on the programme, all of which goes to prove that sometimes audiences are more than content to settle for out and out virtuosic dancing and are sometimes less inclined to accept immediately either serene simplicity or notable creativity at first glance. The backcloth by Esteban Frances was rather muddy in colouring and his costumes for the men were unbecoming to the dancers' lines and appeared like something out of a travelling opera company. On the other hand, however, Karinska's flower-toned, long torso costumes for the girls were fresh and beguiling. In latter performances, Jacques d'Amboise took over Jonathan Watts' initial rôle.

A complete report on *Jazz Concert,* the company and the season, will appear in our February issue.

Arthur Todd.

NEXT MONTH

In the February number of Dance and Dancers **(on sale January 20) look for : Opinions and pictures of Kenneth MacMillan's new ballet,** The Invitation, **for the Royal Ballet; Full report with pictures of the New York City Ballet's season including the new work,** Jazz Concert; **Illustrated articles on the R.A.D. Gala,** Cinderella **at Covent Garden and** The Nutcracker **at Festival Hall; the second instalment of the story of the Camargo Society; many new features of topical interest and all the regular ones.**

American Modern Dance Groups

by ARTHUR TODD

YURIKO'S COMPANY: Left, Mary Hinkson, Linda Hodes and Yuriko in Yuriko's In the Glory, *to Hindemith's Piano Sonata and based on a Rilke poem.*

Below: Yuriko and Bertram Ross in The Ghost, *based on a story from Japanese literature and with original music by Halim El-Dabh. Photos: Paul Himmel.*

Yuriko and Company

YURIKO, one of the leading soloists in Martha Graham's Company, and also noted for her key dance rôle in the stage and screen version of *The King And I,* assembled a company, consisting chiefly of her co-performers in the Graham company, and mounted four new dance works that were presented recently at the Phoenix Theatre in New York.

Using her own Japanese heritage combined with her knowledge of American contemporary dance, Yuriko choreographed three of her four works on Japanese themes, making a meeting of the East and the West in dance terms, as it were. *Shochikubai* (Pine, Bamboo and Plum) made a charming introductory work to the evening since these three elements have symbolised good fortune in Japan — felicity, longevity and congratulation. Mary Hinkson as Bamboo and the remarkable Linda Hodes as Pine were especially commendable, while Norman Walker was more remote and wooden in his depiction of the Plum.

A Fool's Tale, to an especially commissioned score by Eugene Lester, was in two parts, and repeating sources for Noh plays and Kabuki, this work dealt with "demons who disguise themselves as women and noble warriors who fall prey to seduction". Yuriko, playing triple rôles of Maiden, Demon and Old Woman, displayed the wide range of her dance talent, and Jim Garner was notable as the Fool. Especially interesting as the Samurai warrior was Gene McDonald, who, heretofore, has been chiefly notable for his romantic rôles in the Graham repertoire. Replacing Buzz Miller, who was appearing with Jeanmaire in London, Gene McDonald proved to be an inspired choice on the part of Yuriko, and this rapidly advancing young dancer gave a remarkably fine account of himself in a rôle quite unlike anything he had performed previously.

In the Glory, danced to Hindemith's Piano Sonata, was a "dance (that) weaves its pattern of adoration and worship, and of life," was non-Japanese, purely lyric, and danced exquisitely by Yuriko, Linda Hodes and Mary Hinkson. Bertram Ross was in this work, too, but seemed more of a Pan figure than an actual part of the choreography through no fault of his own. *The Ghost,* a Japanese story "of unrequited love and the working of vengeance by ghosts", was a stunning piece from a theatrical point of view, and it was performed superbly by Yuriko, beautiful Ethel Winter and dramatically compelling Bertram Ross. The exciting score, by Halim El-Dabh, who wrote the music for Martha Graham's *Clytemnestra,* was commissioned by the Lena Robbins Foundation.

Obviously, Yuriko is a dancer-choreographer with a future, and, with her present associates, has a company to be reckoned with. Already, as a matter of fact, there

MATT TURNEY AND ROBERT COHAN (above) in two of the six dances they recently gave at Hunter Playhouse. TAMIRIS-NAGRIN COMPANY (below right): Daniel Nagrin with Marion Scott, Cora Cohan and Elizabeth Keen in Helen Tamiris' Memoire *to Carlos Chavez music. Photo: Marcus Blechman.*

is talk of a tour to some major American cities during this year.

Robert Cohan and Matt Turney

ROBERT COHAN, who appeared for 11 years with Martha Graham's Company, and Matt Turney, still a member of it, combined to provide an evening's programme of six new works, all choreographed by Cohan, that were presented recently at Hunter Playhouse in New York City.

Since both dancers are uncommonly gifted, and move magnificently as well, from a purely visual viewpoint the performance was rewarding, and a most distinguished audience, headed by Ruth St. Denis and Martha Graham, was on hand to welcome these young artists. From a choreographic viewpoint, however, there was much left to be said, and there was a flowing, even quality to the dancing that appeared to require more dramatic and dynamic change and more contrast. However, in his chosen field, Robert Cohan remains the finest romantic dancer we have at the time, and perhaps we must wait a bit for him to advance to an equal stage in his choreography.

Tamiris-Nagrin Company

SINCE both choreographer Helen Tamiris and her husband, Daniel Nagrin, appear

Continued on page 34

Antonio's Moment of Truth

by PETER WILLIAMS

A bullfighting ballet, Jugando Al Toro, **was the principal new work in Antonio's new programme at the Royalty Theatre.**

THERE are in the West today, two male dancers who are what's known as "good box-office". This does not mean that there are no other star males around but somehow these two — Antonio and John Gilpin — can usually get that extra jingle out of the box-office tills. It all has something to do with that undefinable thing — star quality. Of course, with great ballerinas it is a different matter, they can always get the public rolling in but the mere male, as far as ballet is concerned, is not such a good bet for filling a theatre on that sluggish Monday night.

Antonio is perfectly aware of his drawing power and he knows that just to put his name up outside a theatre creates some kind of scramble to buy seats to see him. So after his separation from his most famous partner, Rosario, he *could* have just collected another partner and continued raking in the shekels all over the world. But he was more far-sighted and decided to establish a school, build a large company and create new works himself. Thus, according to the programme note, he has written for his present performance, "Spanish ballet was born". He seems to ignore the fact that many years previously Spanish ballet was also born when La Argentinita formed her Ballet Espanol, but that is by the way.

Since then, Antonio's school has formed a very nicely disciplined body of dancers, the presentations in the theatre have been lavish and elaborate. He himself has continued to give electrifying performances which combine superb craftsmanship with a wonderful sense of showmanship.

The actual ballets have, when carefully dissected, proved to be of varying merit — some good, others something very different. Of his own creative powers, Antonio (in this same programme note) states that "the artist when he creates feels a better man, nearer God who has given him in miniature the gifts of his divine work".

So let's survey these gifts in the light of the present programme which was shown to London, at the Royalty Theatre, on November 30. There was, it seemed to me, something rather meagre about the gift distribution when it came to the opening work — *Variations of a Spanish Rapsody* (sic) — to Cristobal Halffter's tepid arrangements of some Albeniz music. It opened with the *corps,* nicely disciplined and with a controlled elegance, moving around the stage, coming on and going off, in what appeared to be a rather senseless manner. There was a great deal of "shawlery" (the things they do with those shawls have to be seen to be believed) in this *Nocturno.* And it was followed by Rosita Segovia's entrance in a black dress and black Cordoban hat for a *Petenera* which she danced in a very pert way. Though her actual dancing can hardly be faulted, everything is too brisk and abrupt with no continual flow in her movements. She is someone who goes *through* a performance upon the stage rather than entering into the spirit of the dance. After some further promenading by be-cloaked boys, on came Antonio. His *Preludio* was well arranged and contained some interesting movements though it was rather spoiled for me by castanet playing which

was out of place and superfluous on this occasion, though nothing can spoil the perfection of every move he makes with his limbs and his wonderful timing. Not content with this he gave us, on the first night, an "encore" in the form of his music-less *zapateado.* If gifts from other sources were meagre there was nothing like this about Antonio's distribution of his own art. He certainly gives value for money even if I personally would be happy to have all encores banned in all theatres everywhere. As that great artist, Alice Delysia, once said, "You should always leave the audience wishing for more."

Somehow this *zapateado* seemed at variance with whatever mood the suite was attempting to engender, nor was that aspect helped by an excellently danced *Jota,* for six people, which followed. Then on came Rosita Segovia for her second appearance, this time in a red dress and under a lace tablecloth held over her by six personable young men. If the shawls had a time of it in the opening number then it was nothing to what that tablecloth went through in this *Malagueña de Chacon.* At one moment it was placed, unevenly, over Segovia's head; at another it was used as swaddling clothes from which she emerged. Then she was bound around the middle by it as the boys played "maypoles", and at another time it became reins as three boys drove three other boys off stage. During all these very distracting metamorphoses it was impossible to concentrate on Segovia's actual dancing. Ending with yet another *Jota* this "rapsody" seemed to me to be one of Antonio's less happy creative ideas — perhaps the missing "h" had something to do with it.

For the centre-piece of the programme, Antonio devised a ballet about bullfighting —*Jugando Al Toro.* I had high hopes of this because my predilection (love is hardly the right word) for bullfighting is such that around April of each year I get restive as I know that the first Novilladas start to take place in Spain's foremost bullrings, just as do circus people get restive for the tenting season as the daisies start to push their way up when winter recedes from the earth. I also felt that from a native of the "cradle of bullfighting" (Sevilla) we should get something good. Well, somewhere or other there is a good work about the bullfight but, unhappily, *Jugando Al Toro* is not it. I don't know what god distributed the gifts for this one, certainly not Taurus.

Just as everything to do with Spain is complete contrasts — *Sol y Sombra* — so do I feel it is when it comes to any representation of bullfighting. It can either be treated as high comedy (school of the immortal Ferdinand, Tommy Steele or Cantinflas) or deep tragedy (school of Garcia Lorca and his *Lament for Ignacio Sánchez Meijas).* There is no halfway. The great and tragic drama of the bullfight takes place there in the ring. Without real man facing real bull there is no drama, nothing. The prime mover in this immense ritual is the bull and those curved and wicked horns of the fighting bull (nothing to do with the horns of the domestic English bull) cause even the bravest matador to have nightmares. Those horns become almost a symbol of deity — a *minotaur de nos jours.* Therefore a play or ballet can be *around* bullfighting but only the film can show the actual fight because only in films can you use the actual animal. Antonio's mistake is that he shows the bull as something dressed up with the dancers using their curved and white-gloved arms as horns; he also takes the ballet right into the bullring.

An equally serious fault is that the work never decides where it is serious or funny. At first it appears to be serious — Young Boy (Antonio) dreams of becoming a bullfighter and is beset by symbols (Fame, Fortune, Vanity, Fear, Valour, and I *never* discovered which was which). This all seems to me to be a very serious matter. But then we move into *el campo* where the Mayoral (foreman) is driving a herd of those funny dressed-up dancers purporting to be bulls which the young boys intend to cape surreptitiously. This appeared to be very comic, which was a pity because it could have been a scene full of atmosphere and tension. For there is something almost moving about the lonely ranch with the cathedral-like shapes of the bulls moving about in the dark, the appearance of lanterns ready to be doused at a moments notice, the boys playing the bulls with improvised fighting capes, the sudden appearance of the Mayoral with a shot gun to chase off the boys — the punishment for illicit caping is imprisonment. I got no such feeling at this point in the ballet though there was a well-devised dance for the Mayoral (Pepe Soler). Nor did Halffter's score help matters much — a single guitar would have created a greater feeling of the Andalusian plains.

Then the Young Boy (Antonio) is imprisoned and there is no sense of anguish or claustrophobia. No sooner have the

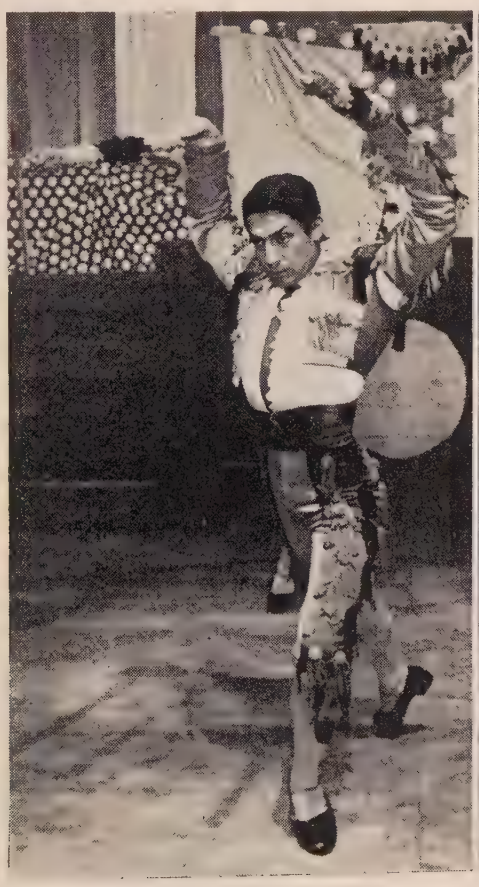
prison bars descended from the flies when those symbols get to work again and he is released by them before any sense of drama has been established.

The years pass and we next see our hero in his dressing room before a corrida, he is now a full matador de toros and although he appears to have received his *alternativa* he has not succeeded in getting rid of those symbols — they are even joined by another, Love (in the form of Carmen Rollan). To this latter symbol, Matador Antonio pays no heed and leaves for the bullring in fine fettle. While the corrida progresses (off) the symbols have one of their own (on) and Fear defeats Love. This causes Antonio to return dejected, doubtless having received a "bronca" from the public. At this low ebb, he becomes conscious of Love and they have a rather un-Spanish *pas de deux* which gives him new hope.

In the flick of a muleta we find ourselves right in the bullring (ingeniously realised by designer Bernard Daydé) and are involved in the ritual and a fight, timed almost exactly to the actual time it takes to kill a bull. But here we seem to be back in high comedy again. The *paseillo* consists of a parade of hobby-horses (for the alguaciles, the picadors and the mules), the ring attendants are girls dressed as boys and the whole thing smacked of English Pantomime. That in itself would have been all right if Antonio himself had not been so realistic and performed *lances* with the *capote* and *pases* with the muleta which sometimes were so good that for a few seconds a real feeling of the bullfight was aroused — if *only* he had not been fighting a dressed-up man (Rudolfo Otero) whose bull costume made him look like a cuddly toy. The supreme moment — the moment of truth — when the bull is killed,

Continued on page 24

JUGANDO AL TORO: *The principal creation in Antonio's new programme was* Jugando Al Toro *with choreography by Antonio, music by Cristobal Halffter and designed by Bernard Daydé. The story tells of a poor young boy who dreams of becoming a bullfighter. He is beset by all the hopes and fears that are bound to be present in such aspirants. After a turn in prison, for having illegally caped a bull on a ranch, he goes on to become a matador. Love finally overcomes fear and he attains glory. The Bullfighter (Antonio) dances with Love (Carmen Rollan) in the picture above. Below are three pictures of Antonio in the bull-ring — left, about to place the* banderillas; *centre, working with the* muleta; *right, lining-up for the kill. Photos: Marion.*



The Camargo Society

(part 1)

by JOHN PERCIVAL

FIRST SUCCESS: Frederick Ashton's Pomona, *with music by Constant Lambert, was one of the first successful ballets given by the Camargo Society in 1930.*

THE Camargo Society for the Production of Ballet gave its first performance in the newly-built Cambridge Theatre, London, on Sunday October 19, 1930. It was only the previous month that the theatre had been opened with a revue, *Charlot's Masquerade,* in which Anton Dolin was the leading dancer. The stage was perhaps a little small for any large-scale ballet, but this made it all the more suitable for the modest scope of the new works forming the bulk of the Camargo programme. The auditorium, still gleaming new, comfortable yet with a certain modish austerity in its lines, served as the ideal background for a fashionable and very enthusiastic audience.

The idea of a society for producing ballet to a subscription audience had been conceived almost exactly a year earlier. It was in a Soho restaurant called Taglioni's, where the young Arnold Haskell was having lunch with P. J. S. Richardson, editor of *The Dancing Times.* Haskell was then only 26 and working as a publisher's reader, although his first book on ballet had already appeared. Richardson, a generation older, in addition to his work as editor and author, had served ballet well by helping to organise, among other things, what later became the Royal Academy of Dancing.

The talk turned naturally to the death of Diaghilev a few weeks earlier. His company had broken up and there seemed no prospect of reviving it. In England this had left a public for ballet without their showman. At the same time there were several promising young English dancers and choreographers who needed an audience. According to Haskell, it was Richardson who first saw the opportunity for bringing together dancers and audience to their mutual benefit. Both men grew enthusiastic. An organisation on the lines of the Stage Society, they decided could fill the gap.

At once they drew up a list of people whose support would be necessary or helpful, and drafted a circular letter inviting them to meet for dinner a fortnight later to discuss the venture. Two dozen or so dancers, musicians and artists came to the Moulin d'Or restaurant on November 3, 1929.

Other meetings followed, and Ninette de Valois, Grace Lovat Fraser and Edwin Evans (representing, respectively, dancing, décor and music), were asked to prepare a scheme of organization. These three can have wasted little time, for the Society was formally launched at an inaugural dinner on February 16, 1930.

Two great dancers lent the prestige of their names: Adeline Genée took the chair, and Lydia Lopokova was one of the speakers. Support was promised by a most impressive collection of dancers, teachers, choreographers, musicians, designers and other enthusiasts. Bernard Shaw won the Society (and himself) a certain amount of publicity by sending a postcard to explain why his help was not needed.

The Society was to be run by a multiplicity of committees. The general committee included Edwin Evans, musician and critic, who had been one of Diaghilev's musical advisers, as its chairman and musical director; together with Haskell (art director), Lopokova (choreographic director), A. H. Tysser (treasurer), Phyllis Bedells and P. J. S. Richardson.

There was an advisory committee of De Valois, Grace Cone, Karsavina, Penelope Spencer, Dolin and Stephen Thomas. Marie Rambert's name was added to the list of general committee members by the second performance, and Constant Lambert's to the advisory committee by the third programme. Karsavina was soon promoted to the position of vice-president; no president was ever named, and presumably the Society was hoping to find some illustrious person from outside the ballet world to fill this post. M. Montagu-Nathan was the secretary.

In addition, the Society formed a production committee (Dolin, Evans, Haskell, Lopokova and Thomas), a dancers' committee (Bedells, Cone, De Valois and Spencer) and a business committee (De Valois, Lopokova, Richardson, Tysser). Inevitably, the Society's business would have to come to a halt if all decisions had in fact been made through so elaborate a system of committees.

Haskell has written of the "inherent weaknesses . . . in having a committee" and commented that "money finally dictated and our policy was one of compromise". De Valois in her autobiography remarked that the committee was "slightly woolly-minded . . . Lopokova . . . was our most outspoken member. She did not like committees; but having found herself a member of one, she did not suffer from any sense of inertia or inhibition. Her outbursts of thinking aloud very often succeeded in removing hours of wasteful discussion."

The important thing was that the Society could draw on the goodwill, help and advice, as necessary, of many people with long experience in one aspect or another of ballet (including a strong group who had worked with Diaghilev) and of almost every practising English dancer.

The Society took its name, apparently at the suggestion of Edwin Evans, from the first "modern" ballerina. It made a good title, and everyone politely ignored the fact that Camargo was remembered by most people only for having shortened her skirts.

The declared aims of the Society were:

"To produce original and classic ballets before a subscription audience at a West End theatre four times a year on Sunday evenings and Monday afternoons.

"To invite for these productions the collaboration of eminent composers, painters and choreographers.

"To engage for the performances the best dancing talent in London or from abroad."

A subscription of three guineas a year entitled a member to a seat in the stalls or the front of the dress circle at each production; the rest of the dress circle and the upper circle were available for an annual subscription of two guineas. Junior assistants at dancing schools and students of music, painting and dancing could join for a guinea. (The subscription, in each case, covered the price of the seats as well as the membership fee.)

Seats were to be allotted by ballot, but for an extra guinea a year the top-price members could have the same, selected seat at each performance — a privilege vitiated a little by the fact that the Society never gave more than two consecutive subscription productions in the same theatre.

The idea of making the tickets available by subscription only, although hard on people of limited means, was justified by the fact that it brought in at once the capital needed to make the performances possible. Even so, the Society never recruited enough members to free its committees from financial worry.

In practice, however, it was to prove to be only a small minority of the performances which were restricted to subscribers or their guests. Tickets for the Sunday performances could, by law, be bought only by members, but as things turned out there were to be only seven of these in all. It was soon realised that the repeat of each programme at the matinée on the following day would be more profitable if tickets were sold to the public in the normal way, and the four-week season at the Savoy Theatre in 1932 which formed the climax of the Society's activities was, of course, also open to the public.

In October 1930, however, nobody could foresee this, and something of the satisfaction which comes from belonging to an exclusive circle must have helped to swell the breasts of the first-night audience. There was, too, an element of patriotic fervour expressed by Lopokova when, in a short speech, she declared that the audience were assisting at the birth of English ballet. These motives doubtless contributed to the enthusiastic reception of a programme which, by objective standards, could scarcely have been thought more than partly successful.

The evening began with a revival of the ballet from Meyerbeer's opera *Robert the Devil.* This was a scene showing the ghosts of nuns rising from their graves to dance among the ruins of the abbey. When created for Marie Taglioni in 1831, it had been one of the landmarks in the history of the romantic ballet. The Camargo revival

was based on a version by Alexander Genée which had been one of the most successful works in Adeline Genée's repertory throughout her career, and it was produced by the Genées, uncle and niece.

In spite of this, it is fairly clear from contemporary accounts (especially Cyril Beaumont's review) that the production lacked the romantic atmosphere which would have justified it. Phyllis Bedells, who danced the leading rôle of the Abbess Elena, showed a strong technique, but she herself felt that the work lacked pathos.

Three of the other items can have added little to the artistic worth of the evening. *A Toothsome Morsel,* to music by Gavin Gordon (later librettist and composer of *The Rake's Progress)* had choreography by Penelope Spencer, an experienced recital dancer and choreographer, but the sharply satiric wit she had displayed in some of her own solo dances in the past seemed to have deserted her in this *divertissement* set in a dentist's waiting room. A *Dance Suite* of three solos by Annie Boalth, to Christian Darnton's music, made a token representation of the "central European" (modern dance) style at, apparently, no very high level. There was also a finale, arranged by Nicholas Legat to music by Glinka, comprising a *pas de deux* for De Valois and Dolin and a coda danced by the company.

Fortunately the other two ballets were of a higher order; both of them later went into the Vic-Wells repertory. De Valois' version of the *Danse Sacrée et Danse Profane* by Debussy was not to everyone's taste, but its professionalism and the standard of the dancing (led by Ursula Moreton and Sheila McCarthy) were not in question. The big hit of the evening was *Pomona,* with music by Constant Lambert and choreography by Frederick Ashton.

VERTUMNUS: Anton Dolin in the principal rôle in Ashton's Pomona *which had Anna Ludmilla in the name part when it was first given at the Savoy Theatre. Two years later the ballet went into the repertory of the Vic-Wells Ballet where it enjoyed a certain success in the early days of what is now the Royal Ballet.*

The plot of this ballet was a half flippant, half tender treatment of the courting of Pomona, goddess of fruits, by Vertumnus. The mood of the work led inevitably to comparison with the later creations of the Diaghilev company, but even by this standard the new ballet was a success. Already Ashton's choreography revealed a genuine poetic quality, and already he had the gift of showing his dancers at their very best.

Dolin had a triumph as Vertumnus, but perhaps even more striking was the performance of Anna Ludmilla as Pomona. This beautiful blonde American had worked with Ida Rubinstein in Paris, but had hitherto been seen in London, as Dolin's partner, mainly in rôles created for Nemchinova which did not suit Ludmilla either temperamentally or technically. Ashton brought out all her warmth and softness, so that (in Beaumont's phrase) she "looked like a goddess and she danced like a goddess".

This was the first time one of Ashton's ballets (excluding his work for revue) had been seen by a large audience, and this alone would have made the evening worth while. In addition, the organisers could justly congratulate themselves on having presented works by three British composers, of whom Lambert (who also conducted the whole programme) won widespread praise.

These very real merits, together with the acclaim which the whole enterprise evoked, gave every hope for the future. The standard of designing was perhaps less distinguished than might have been hoped; Augustus John, originally announced to create décor for *Pomona,* was unable to do so, and although John Banting (who took over the work) designed some attractive dresses, his backcloth was less successful.

The second programme, given at the Apollo Theatre on January 25, 1931, was far less successful. True, it contained Ashton's *Capriol Suite,* but this work was already in the repertory of the Marie Rambert Dancers. The other successful work was De Valois' *Rout,* to music by Arthur Bliss, but this again was not new, being only a revised version of a work given first by De Valois' pupils in 1928 and later at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

The programme note for *Rout* remarked, a little smugly, that "the title, of course, is intended to convey its original sense of revelry". That "of course", I feel, was nicely chosen, particularly as De Valois' choreography was a skilful orchestration of strong movements producing the effect of fly-wheels and piston rods in motion.

The new works were *Straussiana,* "arranged and produced by Nicholas Legat to music by The Strauss Dynasty", a vapid divertissement about which hardly anyone could find a kind word, and *Cephalus and Procris,* created by De Valois to music by Grétry, with Harold Turner and Alicia Markova in the title rôles.

This last had an elaborate plot of jealousy and inconstancy, complicated by frequent disguisings, set in classical antiquity. Edwin Evans praised its "piquant and sophisticated elegance", but the more general view was that the choreography was fussy and the ballet overlong.

Also given on this programme were three

AN EARLY CAMARGO CHOREOGRAPHER: Penelope Spencer who choreographed A Toothsome Morsel, *with a score by Gavin Gordon, for the first Camargo performance. Penelope Spencer was, at the time, a well-known recitalist and choreographer. During the 'twenties she was a soloist at Covent Garden. Her most successful solo was her* Funeral Dance of a Rich Aunt *to music by Lord Berners.*

national dances, performed by a young Armenian dancer named Alice Cavoukdian. Although these were arranged by Kschessinskaya and Escudero, they were simple little numbers which prompted the *Daily Telegraph's* critic to remarks about pupils' concerts, and led Beaumont to comment that if this represented, in the words of the Society's prospectus, "the best dancing talent from abroad", then "it would appear that the standard of dancing in other countries is distinctly on the wane".

Henceforth the Camargo Society presented no more solo dancers at its performances until the very last programme of all, when both the circumstances and the results were very different.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on the quality of the second programme by the fact that when Haskell, some years later, came to write of the Camargo seasons from memory (his personal archives having been destroyed by bombing), he omitted all reference to it, writing instead about the third programme as if it had been the second, and so on. Perhaps at the time he had been glad to put it out of his mind!

Certainly Phyllis Bedells recorded in her autobiography that after this programme "all of us on the committee agreed we should have to do better in future". They did — very much better.

And how much better the Camargo Society did, and how they played such an important rôle in the formation and development of British Ballet will be seen in the second part of John Percival's article in next month's Dance and Dancers.

Ballet Perspectives: 21

Cinderella

by CLIVE BARNES

ULANOVA - CINDERELLA: Galina Ulanova, as Cinderella, with Ryadshev, as her father, in the Bolshoi production of the Prokofiev ballet.

ACCORDING to Ulanova's account, Prokofiev's *Cinderella* was started as the result of an almost chance conversation between the ballerina and the composer. Writing in the recently published symposium, *Prokofiev,* Ulanova says that in the winter of 1940: "Y. Radin, the director of the Kirov Theatre, wishing to cement our good relations with Prokofiev, asked him to write something else for us. One evening he brought Prokofiev with him to my room at the Moskva Hotel. They asked me what part I would like to dance. 'The Snow Maiden,' I replied. 'Oh, but Rimsky-Korsakov has written such a splendid *Snow Maiden* that I wouldn't dare to tackle that theme,' said Prokofiev. 'Suppose we try *Cinderella*?'."

The libretto was prepared by Nicolai Volkov, and Prokofiev was working on the ballet at his home in the pine-woods of Kratovo, near Moscow, in the summer of 1941, when the Germans invaded the Soviet Union. Work on the score of *Cinderella* was interrupted for over two years, but in the summer of 1943, the Kirov Theatre invited Prokofiev to the Urals city of Perm, on the banks of one of the main tributaries of the Volga. The Kirov Company had been evacuated there and was dancing, with some difficulty, on the pocket-handkerchief stage of the local opera house.

Cyril Beaumont (in *Ballets Past and Present)* says that: "At the end of August in that year Volkov and Prokofiev . . . completed both the scenario and the musical plan of *Cinderella,* while Sergeyev concluded the choreographic draft."

Like Prokofiev's other major ballet scores, the production of *Cinderella* appears to have been mysteriously delayed. As early as 1943 Prokofiev had published three piano transcriptions from the score, a further ten (Op. 97) were published a year later, and in the same year a final series of six piano transcriptions (Op. 102) also made their appearance. Not only does the Kirov productions seem to have been temporarily postponed, but early in 1944 Prokofiev was writing: "The Moscow Bolshoi Theatre has started to rehearse *Cinderella* with the intention of opening in the autumn of 1944." However, it was not until a year later that *Cinderella* was first produced, and then it was the Bolshoi that had the honour, the Kirov version not being premièred for some six months after.

The actual date of the first performance is in some doubt, as is even the first cast! A casual glance through the standard reference books produces some surprising results. For example we have *The Decca Book of Ballet* giving December 21, 1945; Anatole Chujoy's *Dance Encyclopaedia* settles for "Fall, 1945", but decides that it took place in Leningrad. Walter Terry's *Ballet* suggests January 1945. Margaret Crosland's *Ballet Carnival* commits itself no further than 1944. G. B. L. Wilson's *Dictionary of Ballet* suggests November 15, 1945, and this date is also favoured by Svend Kragh-Jacobsen's *Ballet Bogen* and V. Bogdanov-Beresovsky's *Ulanova.* In *Ballets of Today,* Beaumont merely suggests 1944, but in his later *Ballets Past and Present* he gives the date as November 21, 1945, which is followed by Hélène Bellew's *Ballet in Moscow Today* and Humphrey Searle's *Ballet Music.* When we come to who created the rôle of Cinderella, the situation is equally cloudy; among those offering an opinion, Bogdanov-Berezovsky, Wilson and Kragh-Jacobsen all plump for Ulanova, whereas Beaumont and Bellew press the claims of Olga Lepeshinskaya.

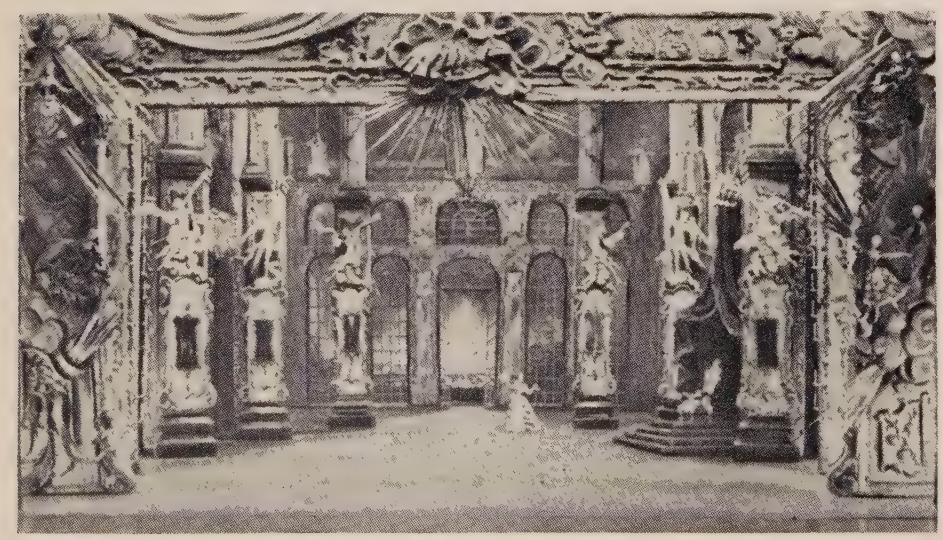
Until recently the last word on the situation must have been given by the Editors of the French *Dictionary of Modern Ballet,* who described it as being staged in November 1945, and the principal dancer being "Lepeshinskaya or Ulanova". However, this year the Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow has produced its symposium on Prokofiev which gives the date as November 21, 1945, with the principal rôles danced by Ulanova (Cinderella), Mikhail Gabovich (the Prince), Musa Gotlieb (Spring Fairy), M. Bogolyubskaya (Summer Fairy), Maya Plisetskaya (Autumn Fairy), Ludmilla Cherkasova (Winter Fairy). As this confirms Beaumont's date, and also makes it clear that Ulanova danced the first performance (a statement that receives independent corroboration from a number of sources), and as further this is the only date not only to have come from Russia but to have been *printed* in Russia, I presume this to be accurate.

Luckily no such differences of opinion surround the first Leningrad performance, which took place on April 8, 1946, with Natalya Dudinskaya (Cinderella), Konstantin Sergeyev (the Prince), O. Berg (Spring Fairy), I. Israileva (Summer Fairy), N. Yastrebova (Autumn Fairy), M. Trushina (Winter Fairy).

In Moscow the choreography was by Rotislav Zakharov, and the scenery and costumes were by Pyotr Williams. In addition to Ulanova, during the first season the rôle of Cinderella was also danced by Olga Lepeshinskaya, partnered by Vladimir Preobrazhensky, Marina Semyonova and Raissa Struchkova. The Leningrad production had completely different choreography by Sergeyev, and décor and costumes by B. Erdman.

The ballet, which was the first post-war production at each theatre, proved an immediate success, and has since established itself permanently in the Soviet repertory. Volkov was one of the most experienced librettists in Soviet ballet (previously he had collaborated on such works as *Flames of Paris* and *The Fountain of Bakhchiserai)* and together with Prokofiev he wrote a

SECOND ACT MODEL: A model of Pyotr Williams' setting for the ballroom scene in the Bolshoi production.



scenario that while having much in common with the 19-century structure of a Petipa ballet, was also suitable for modern interpretation. Petipa, of course, did in fact produce a ballet in 1893 on the theme of *Cinderella* (Pierina Legnani, the first Odette/Odile, danced Cinderella partnered by Pavel Gerdt), and one only has to compare its scenario, given in Beaumont's *Complete Book of Ballets,* with that of Volkov's, to see the marked superiority of the later version.

In 1945 Prokofiev wrote an interesting essay on *Cinderella* which has been reprinted in the recent Symposium. He says: "What I wished to express above all in the music of *Cinderella* was the poetic love of Cinderella and the Prince, the birth and flowering of that love, the obstacles in its path and finally the dream fulfilled. . . . The producers of the ballet, however, wanted the fairy-tale to serve merely as a setting for the portrayal of flesh-and-blood human beings with human passions and feelings.

"N. D. Volkov and I gave much thought to the dramatic aspect of the ballet. The music has three basic themes: first theme — Cinderella, the abused and ill-treated; second theme — Cinderella, chaste, pure, pensive; third, broad theme — Cinderella in love, radiant with happiness. . . .

"Apart from the dramatic structure I was anxious to make the ballet as 'danceable' as possible, with a variety of dances that would weave themselves into the pattern of the story, and give the dancers ample opportunity to display their art. I wrote *Cinderella* in the traditions of the old classical ballet. . . ."

Cinderella was produced by the Royal Ballet at the end of 1948, and to get it into its correct perspective it seems important to see it as the natural fulfilment of one very important aspect of the Royal Ballet's policy. Ever since Ninette de Valois had founded her company, she had shown an interest in the full-length classics of the 19th-century, adding each one to the repertory as circumstances and means permitted. In part this was intended to form a classical basis for the new British school, yet there was the additional feeling that the one-act ballet (in itself at least as much an expedient of Diaghilev as an invention of Fokine's) possessed certain disadvantages, which could only be overcome with full-evening works. Another conditioning factor was the obvious popularity of the full-length ballets with the British audience, who had grown accustomed to this particular choreographic form. For that matter the company, with its star system and hierarchy, was beginning to find its natural expression in the full-length classical ballet, which offered fat parts for their ballerinas and partners, in a way necessary to the fast-developing structure of the Royal Ballet.

Given that it was an historic necessity for the Royal Ballet to create a full-length work in 1948, it was almost inevitable that the company's choice should fall on *Cinderella.* Once the decision had been made to embark on such a major undertaking, it was only sensible not to add to the immense risks by commissioning a new score. Failure might easily have had a disastrous effect upon the future development of the company, and consequently the fewer unknown factors to be coped with, the better. In Frederick Ashton the company had the obvious choreographer, and indeed Ashton had, possibly unconsciously, been preparing himself for this task for some years. With his trilogy of neo-classical ballets, *Symphonic Variations, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales* and *Scènes de Ballet,* Ashton had attained a complete mastery of the choreographic medium of pure dance to make the project of maintaining his choreographic invention throughout the entire evening a practicable proposition. Consequently the choice of music rested largely with Ashton, who naturally had the advice of both Constant Lambert and De Valois herself.

As there were so few contemporary full-length ballet scores, the choice was in any event severely restricted. Ashton had heard quite a lot of the Prokofiev music, which he liked, and he thought the story of *Cinderella* was a good one for ballet (he had, in fact, created the rôle of the Prince in Andrée Howard's version of *Cinderella* during the days of Marie Rambert's Ballet Club), so he had little hesitation in sending to Russia for the full score.

In adapting the Soviet ballet for the British stage, Ashton made a number of cuts in the music and changes in Volkov's original scenario. Although originally he had intended to follow the Russian version in having Cinderella's step-sisters played by women, this was later abandoned, partly because of difficulties of casting, and partly because Ashton decided to link the ballet with the English pantomime tradition and have the rôles of the Sisters played *en travesti* by Robert Helpmann and himself. This decision, which materially changed the balance of the ballet, also led him to omit the rôle of Cinderella's Stepmother, which is important in the Soviet production. However, as the two Sisters were to be played by men, it would be impossible to cast a woman for the Stepmother, and Ashton felt that to have three characters played *en travesti* would be excessive.

The other changes were nearly all the result of the simpler nature of the English production. Among these was the tiny scene change at the end of the second act, where Cinderella is seen running down the steps from the ball. A far more extensive and important omission was the *divertissement* scene at the beginning of the third act, where the Prince travels round the world in his search for Cinderella, encountering suitable national dances on his way. Thrift, however, was not the only reason for this cut (the unkindest cut of all, in my view), for unfortunately Ashton did not like the music for this scene, and even now, when the resources of the Royal Ballet are so much vaster than they were in 1948, he has not felt inspired to add it to the production.

The scenery and costumes were commissioned from the French artist Jean-Denis Malclès (previously known in England for his Roland Petit ballet, *La Fiancée du Diable)* and rehearsals for the new ballet went smoothly, Ashton completing the choreography in the unusually short time of two months. The rôle of Cinderella was naturally intended for Margot Fonteyn, but an unfortunate accident on the first night of another Ashton ballet, *Don Juan* (on November 25, 1948), put her out of action, so the title-rôle had to be entrusted at the first performance to Moira Shearer, who had just created a furore with her film *The Red Shoes.*

The first performance was given on December 23, 1948, and the cast included Moira Shearer (Cinderella), Michael Somes (Prince), Nadia Nerina (Fairy Spring), Violetta Elvin (Fairy Summer), Pauline Clayden (Fairy Autumn), Beryl Grey (Fairy Winter), Pamela May (Fairy Godmother), Alexander Grant (Jester), Bryan Ashbridge, Philip Chatfield, Kenneth Melville and Kenneth MacMillan (Prince's Friends), Franklin White (Cinderella's Father), and, of course, Ashton and Helpmann as the Ugly Sisters. Perhaps not surprisingly it was these latter two who almost stole the notices after the first night, although the ballet as a whole was quite well received and was obviously popular with the audience.

FONTEYN - CINDERELLA: Margot Fonteyn in the title rôle with Michael Somes as the Prince in the second act of Ashton's version for the Royal Ballet when it was recently given on TV.
Photo: Granada.

Over the years Ashton has made many additions and amendments. At the time of writing, the Fairy Godmother, for example, has had three different variations, and quite often her dance has been omitted altogether. Another significant change — mid-way through the ballet's career — was the addition Ashton made to the rôles of Cinderella and the Prince in the second act, when he permitted them to take a part in the *ensembles,* but the most important change of all came on December 23, 1958 (just ten years after the ballet's first performance), when the rôles of the Ugly Sisters were taken over for the first time

Continued on page 34

Ballet in Ireland

by NORRIS DAVIDSON

This is one of a series of articles on ballet in countries that are not covered regularly in the pages of Dance and Dancers. **There have been previous articles on ballet in Czechoslovakia and Turkey.**

A DIRECTOR IN CORK: Joan Denise Moriarty who has been responsible for the Cork Ballet Company.

WITH little incentive to teach ballet, and still less to take it up, it is remarkable that the candle lit in the Abbey Theatre School of Dancing by Ninette de Valois and Mr. Yeats did not go out. It didn't, and through the years its faint light was made manifest by this teacher and that, by the "Display by the Pupils" and the "Ballet Recital". It was in Cork, just about as far from Dublin as could be in our island, that a company was first shaped.

The Cork Ballet Company is the work of one woman, Joan Denise Moriarty, who came to Cork to teach about fifteen years ago after some time spent in ballet. She had to face the lack of interest of those who simply did not know what ballet was: she had to face the apathy of the few who did, and she had to face actual hostility and opposition . . . sometimes from the pulpit. For even the jigs and reels are presented with curious traditional restrictions. Girls are kilted like boys and all female appeal is banished. The arms appear to be manacled to the sides (suggestive *ports de bras* being unthinkable), heads are fixed rigidly and the eyes have the conventional blank look of Giselle towards the end of Act I. Competition medals flapping on the stomachs provide an audible and visual counterpoint to music in which intonation is sacrificed to the rhythmic recollection of inexacting airs. Not the climate for ballet! But Joan Moriarty was not put off, and, achievement indeed, more boys have broken the taboo for her than can be mustered in Dublin.

When Cork saw the early performances and realised that cultural marches were being stolen, its citizens gave very generous support. Later some industries guaranteed expenses here and there, and Joan Moriarty even induced a hosiery firm to alter its machines to produce tights. Associated with her is Aloys Fleischmann, Irish-born of German parents and Professor of Music at Cork University. If you ask what ballets they have mounted, they will say: "Everything", and with a certain amount of reason. For they have done most of the classics in the sense that they have put them on with cuts, adaptations and contrivances suited to their means . . . what amateur company has not?

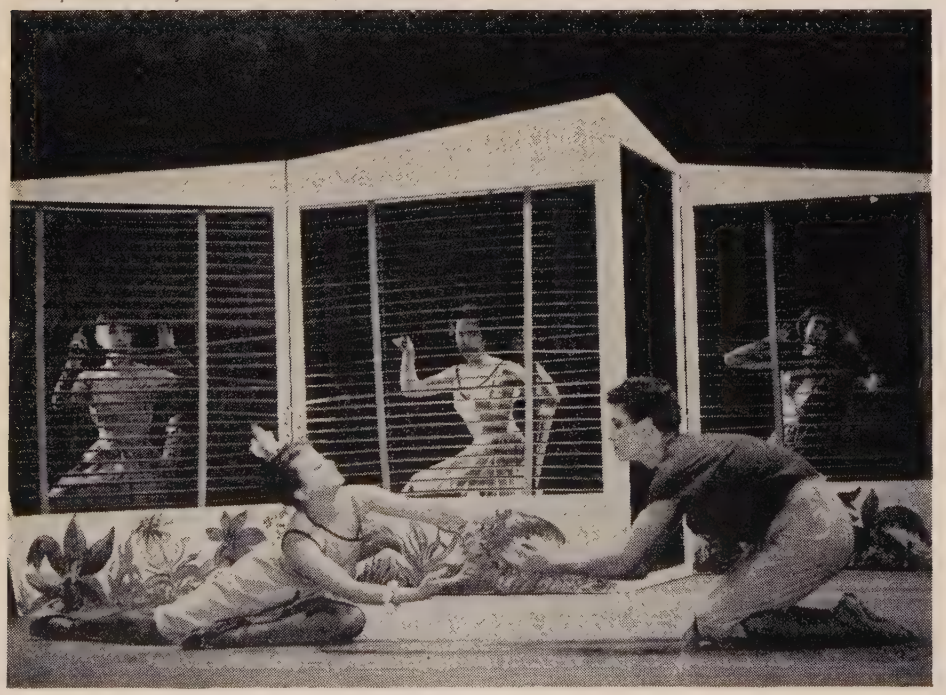
The Cork group is an endearing one. It has dutifully tried from time to time to compromise with the "traditional" style of Irish dance, liberating it somewhat from its bonds and giving it expression. The results were at first unsuccessful, and even startling. But it was finally achieved in the sense that each side sacrificed a little in order to create a ballet in a third style that was not an offence to a ballet audience, whatever the rigid traditionalist may have thought. This was *Seal Woman,* revived successfully last year.

For a long time the company's policy was that it would develop its own soloists from the ranks of the *corps de ballet.* I do not think this feat of inbreeding has ever been brought off. The Vic-Wells had De Valois, Dolin, Markova and others before it had its own soloists, and it is possible that some very firm words from Dame Ninette in a broadcast from Radio Eireann may have slightly influenced the Cork organisation into permitting their dancers to work with guest-artists and outside choreographers. They have had Peter Darrell, Michel de Lutry and Domini Callaghan, Svetlova, Kenneth Melville and Stanley Judson.

The dancers are university students, shop assistants, school-girls and boys, and factory workers. This is both the glory of the company and its undoing. The glory comes from the audience — "Isn't she wonderful, and you know she works from nine till six" — not the best kind of glory where ballet is concerned. The undoing is the loss of these daytime workers into business or marriage, or through impatience with the discipline. They are by no means all dedicated to dance, and it was the realisation of this that partly led to the formation of the Irish Theatre Ballet out of those who were. The part-time dancers were auditioned, and those who were successful were offered contracts and gave up their jobs. Serious work began under Stanley Judson and Joan Moriarty, and the professional group of eight or nine was first seen last December. The most interesting part of its programme was Joan Moriarty's *Voice in the Wilderness,* which deals, said the programme, "with a contemporary problem . . . the achievement of self-government by a one-time colonial people". It shows two sisters, the last of a family of white settlers, losing a third sister to a native boy. Unfortunately, though there was every suggestion that the "one-time colonial" people were coloured in some degree, this was for some reason evaded in make-up and costume, with the result that the "native" parts of the work had little exotic contrast with the white settlers.

Last Spring, the professional company joined forces with the big amateur one for a programme that included a repeat of *Voice in the Wilderness,* and *La Fille mal Gardée* . . . planned long before it was known that the Royal Ballet intended staging it: indeed the news of the Covent Garden production caused some embarrassment to the directors in Cork. The Hertel rather than the Hérold score was used: the choreography was by Stanley Judson, who danced Mère Simone, while Lise and Colin were danced by guest-artists, Marina Svetlova and Kenneth Melville. The production was a jolly pantomime with so little opportunity for dancing that it was hard

VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS: *A scene from Joan Denise Moriarty's ballet, to Ernest Bloch music and Patrick Murray designs, for the Cork company. The theme deals with the problems of colonial self-government.* *Photo: T. F. Sheppard.*



to judge it as a ballet.

Nine years after the start of ballet in Cork the Irish National Ballet School began in Dublin. Three years later still, the school issued a memorandum about the founding of a permanent professional company, and the first paragraph states : "Ireland possesses neither a ballet company nor a ballet school to provide dancers for such a company". I quote these words to show how little interplay there has been between Dublin and Cork. The school struggled on to the music of a gramophone and would probably have expired had not the Council enlisted the interest of Madame Legat. There is now a close relationship between the National Ballet Society, Ltd. (its present title) and the Legat School.

This company has some advantages over Cork : the best of its dancers have been together from the beginning and are now in the 15-17 age-group : they are not complacent young persons, they have the suffering bodies and wide-set eyes that change

TEACHER IN DUBLIN : Patricia Ryan who has taught at the Irish National Ballet School in Dublin for the past four years

so magically when the dancer begins to develop, and they have no ingenuous enthusiasm. For four years they have had the same teacher, Patricia Ryan, who was a pupil of the Legat School. From modest concerts they grew up to something more exciting, and Miss Ryan presented, among other things, her *Uirapuru* to music by Villa-Lobos. In this programme Jelko Yurésha was guest artist. And this year something big was undertaken, in a theatre this time, and with one of the Radio Eireann orchestras.

The Society commissioned an Irish composer, A. J. Potter, to write a score for an Irish ballet, *Careless Love ;* there was *Classical Symphony* by a pupil ; and Annette Page and Ronald Hynd appeared in *Giselle*. Another guest was Donald McAlpine, who danced the rôle of the Piper in *Careless Love*. This was based on a traditional story of what a girl from faraway did to a community, and what the community did to her. It suggested Ireland all the time without ever actually reproducing an Irish dance. Successful, too, in an unpretentious way, was *Classical Symphony* by Ester O. Brolchain.

But the test came when *Giselle* was

GISELLE : *Helena Wolska and Sylvester Campbell in the second act of the Dublin Theatre Ballet's* Giselle *given in Dublin in October, 1959. Photo : O'Callaghan.*

presented. The story has so little complexity that the attention of the audience is given to each performer in turn and any shortcomings are seen at once. Sad to say, Albrecht had a fidgety and unsympathetic Wilfred, Hilarion was in several minds about how to express his feelings, Berthe was puppet-like rather than maternal, the Prince of Courland lacked roundness of gesture, and Bathilde was excellent. But there was an overall tendency to act away like mad regardless of the music. The dancing, however, was a different story. In both acts the *corps de ballet* did very well and showed the results of four years' team-work following on the early teaching before Patricia Ryan took over. Joan Wilson and Donald McAlpine danced the "Peasant" *pas de deux* very pleasantly and though Myrthe lacked height and authority, she gave a good account of the rôle. Page and Hynd are so well known that there is no need for me to describe the noble and heart-rending performance they gave.

There are two other teachers I would like to mention, Desmond Domincan in Dublin and Patricia Mulholland in Belfast, but, unfortunately, I have not been able to see Domincan's work for some time, and have not seen Miss Mulholland's at all, though she has received a good press for her adaptations of Irish folk movements.

So what now? It's hard to say. Irish Theatre Ballet (the professional Cork company) is touring the "smalls", with a distinguished pianist who was with Rambert for a long time, Charles Lynch. Their present ballet-master is Yanis Metsis. The National Ballet Society is losing dancers to outside companies. This is because there is no large professional group in the country with a backing and a future.

But Dublin has two five-week seasons of opera annually, and this winter there will be two or more nights of ballet presented by the Dublin company, and in which the Cork company may join. This may mean something for the future since the country is not big enough to allow Patricia Ryan and Joan Moriarty, whose companies have so much to share, to work independently all the time.

CARELESS LOVE : *A scene from the ballet based on a traditional story and given by the Irish National Ballet in Dublin in April, 1960. Photo : O'Callaghan.*

THE BOURMEISTERS IN THE WEST : Mr. and Mrs. Bourmeister (extreme left and right) with Liane Daydé and Serge Golovine after a performance of the De Cuevas Sleeping Beauty. *Vladimir Bourmeister is in Paris to mount his remarkable production of* Le Lac des Cygnes, *from the Stanislavsky Theatre, for the Paris Opéra. Soon he will be coming to London to mount* Snow Maiden *for London's Festival Ballet.*

Photo : Lido.

curtain up!

Two-way stretch

NADIA NERINA'S triumph at the Bolshoi and Kirov theatres in Russia was, to a certain extent, predictable. For not only is she one of our best dancers but she has enough of the Russian dancers' own qualities to give them a surprise. Determination is also another quality that the Russians admire, and the fact that she was adamant about dancing with Fadeyechev when it looked as though she might be foisted off with another partner, possibly earned their respect even before she danced a step on Russian soil.

This is all very splendid, but isn't it time that some Russian guest artists appeared with the Royal Ballet? Oddly enough, it is *not* the Royal Ballet who have found a place for Russian guests but London's Festival Ballet, and we are all grateful to Julian Braunsweg for having gone into long and complicated negotiations to bring two of the Bolshoi's most talked-of young stars — Maximova and Vassiliev — to dance in *The Nutcracker* during Festival Ballet's Christmas season at Festival Hall. Then of course we are promised the Kirov company at Covent Garden in the summer. But none of this is quite the same as Russian dancers doing a stretch as guests with our own company at Covent Garden, which would provide inspiration to the whole Royal Ballet and, I hope, to the guests as well.

A "new" Tchaikovsky score

PEOPLE generally consider that they know most of Tchaikovsky's ballet scores — some even think that they know them too well. But it is on the cards that the West may shortly be hearing a ballet score by the great Russian composer that is new to them.

In searching for a new full-length ballet for Festival Ballet, Dr. Julian Braunsweg hit on the wholly admirable idea of inviting Vladimir Bourmeister of the Stanislavsky Theatre in Moscow to create a new work. He it was, you will remember, who created such a wonderful version of *Swan Lake,* and which some of us saw in Paris a few years ago. Now he is re-creating it for the Paris Opéra. Well, in recent talks between Braunsweg and the Russian choreographer in Paris, Bourmeister suggested that he would like to create a ballet to Tchaikovsky's *Snow Maiden.* Surely you mean Rimsky-Korsakov's, I can hear you mutter. No I don't, I mean Tchaikovsky's, for he composed a score to this subject and it was given in St. Petersburg. Unfortunately the choreography was bad, so the work was dropped and never revived. So if Festival mounts this work they will be doing a great service by not only being the first British company to invite a Soviet choreographer to work here but also by introducing a new Tchaikovsky score for a full-length ballet to the West.

British with French accent

ALTHOUGH the Royal Ballet always pays tribute to the Russian ballet tradition for providing the roots from which it has grown, our debt to the French is less often remarked upon.

True, the company presented a programme with heavy French influences for General de Gaulle's benefit recently, but the result was so dull that many people will have decided that we owe little to the French.

In fact, of course, the Royal Ballet leans very heavily on French ballet tradition, especially for its music, and Frederick Ashton's decision to do a new version of Messager's *Les Deux Pigeons* simply follows a path already well-trodden in his *Sylvia, La Fille Mal Gardée* and, let's face it, in his many works to Ravel music. He has also, very wisely in my opinion, chosen a French designer for the scenery and costumes, and Jacques Dupont is one of the most interesting designers in France at the present.

French choreography has, with one exception, been far less significant in building the British tradition, but that one exception is important enough to outweigh many others — Marius Petipa. So in all, well over one-third of the ballets given by the two Royal Ballet companies last year had music, choreography, or both — by a Frenchman.

Away from the rising sun

IN spite of the fact that an American dance magazine informed a surprised world that Ashton's *Les Deux Pigeons* would have its world première in Japan (what little nightingale can have whispered this untruth?) it is in fact being first given at that most roast-beef of all British institutions — the Royal Ballet's gala for their Benevolent Fund at Covent Garden.

This should be an exciting occasion for what may (in years) still be called without any disrespect the "junior" section of the Royal Ballet, and I have no doubt that they will live up to the occasion very well. It seems a pity, though, that the first performance of Ashton's work has to be given on this night. Firstly, because many staunch supporters of the company will thus be prevented from being present at the first night of an eagerly-awaited work. Secondly, because the young dancers of this section of the Royal Ballet are just as capable as many of their seniors when it comes to "party pieces". It really would be rather pleasant for them to be allowed to show off their paces in a *divertissement* of the kind which the Royal Ballet is at last beginning to learn to present enjoyably and well.

Critic walks out

I HEAR that John Martin, ballet critic of the *New York Times*, broke his own record of 33 years when he walked out of

HOWARD, PHOTOGRAPHER : Andrée Howard is famous as a choreographer but she is less known as a photographer. She took this picture of Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes in a Covent Garden dressing-room after the last performance of Cinderella *last February. This season Howard will play one of the Ugly Sisters in the same ballet.*

the Royal Ballet's *Giselle* at the Metropolitan Opera House without staying to write a review.

I must confess that I have, on frequent occasions, felt that way myself, and, having no record to break, have frequently done so — and intend to continue doing so. But in fairness to John Martin I must add that his defection was involuntary, being caused by illness, from which, I am very happy to say, he recovered in time to review the second performance.

Another "Royal" Confusion

DURING all the fuss and bother about the names of the two Royal Ballet companies — or the one schismatic company if you prefer it that way — nobody seemed to notice the possible further confusion which might arise from the fact that London's Festival Ballet customarily appears at the *Royal* Festival Hall. Well, it's happened, and I still have my ticket counterfoil to prove it.

Recently I travelled to Guildford to see what all the advertisements assured me was the familiar London's Festival Ballet company. And certainly I recognised all the leading dancers and ballets as belonging to Julian Braunsweg's re-formed and invigorated company. But my ticket assures me that what I actually saw was the Royal Festival Ballet — and who am I to argue with the box office?

The ballet is back

ANYONE who felt that the long gap without any ballet in London would have driven audiences to take up other interests instead (knitting, or writing their memoirs) was, happily, wrong. Though many of us have revelled in the deep, deep peace of it all.

However, peace is over as the box office for the new Covent Garden season brought out bigger queues than have been seen there recently — not the unnecessarily long queues of the now receding past, but enough to show a healthy interest.

Also my spies who have been following the Royal, Rambert, Festival and Western Theatre ballets around the English provinces tell me that houses, on the whole, have appeared pretty good.

Keep it up, dear readers. In the long run we get the ballet we deserve, and only an interested audience can expect an interesting ballet.

Odd assortment in Italy

SIX dancers were sent by the British Council to represent British ballet at the Milan Triennale this autumn. They scored a great success in their fifteen concert items and the group consisted of Lucette Aldous (Ballet Rambert), Julia Farron (Royal Ballet), Alexis Rassine (ex-Royal Ballet for many years), Ben Stevenson (ex-Festival Ballet), and Phyllis Spira and Gary Sherwood (Royal Ballet students). Apart from the students they al had one thing in common — they were unused to appearing with any of the others. Although this may seem a rather strange way of showing British ballet to a city with such standing in the arts, their success made this odd mixture well worthwhile.

Castanets in the air

IT would seem that Spanish dance is enjoying Royal favour these days. Luisillo, who in Paris was called "the Balanchine of the Spanish dance", was invited with his company to dance at a gala at the Palais des Beaux Arts in Brussels held in honour of King Badouin and his future bride, Dona Fabiola.

Back in Spain, Pilar Lopez and her company danced at a gala to celebrate the visit to Madrid of the King and Queen of Thailand. The Queen was so enchanted by the performance that after it was over she asked Pilar to dance privately for her, and later the Queen asked if Pilar would give her her castanets. She complied willingly even though to lose a pair of favourite castanets is rather like taking the heart out of a Spanish dancer. The Queen started to play them and next day, when she left on the aeroplane for Barcelona she was, apparently, still playing them.

Nearer home, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret must be getting to know quite a lot about the Spanish dance because the recent R.A.D. Gala at Drury Lane was the second in which Antonio and his company have provided the finale.

The death of Dolin's mother

MAUDE HEALEY-KAY was a very remarkable woman. Her early love of all things moving may possibly have had something to do with the fact that her son, Patrick, became a dancer, better known to the world as Anton Dolin. Though her background, she was part Irish, had nothing to do with the theatre she came to love it and to be a part of it. She appeared on the stage in the crowd in *Petrushka* at the Festival Hall a few years ago, thoroughly enjoyed every moment and what is more, had a great personal success. Of ballet she was a very sound and severe critic and was rightly annoyed when she felt justice had not been done to some artist who deserved better. Her occasional letters to *Dance and Dancers* about some point with which she disagreed were very forthright and time proved that she was usually correct.

Like many ladies of her generation she was tough, independent and a good traveller. A year or so before she reached the age of 90, she was returning to England with Festival Ballet from the South of France. There were no sleepers and she had to sit up all night. But nothing daunted, she settled down, after a sip of whisky, to spending what to most people would be an uncomfortable night. She enjoyed every moment of it and was far more composed than any of the younger members of the company.

She died in Brighton on December 3 at the age of 92 and another of the remarkable personalities *behind* the ballet has passed from the scene.

happy birthday to...

		January
Arthur Sweet	London's Festival Ballet	23
Keith Rosson	The Royal Ballet	24
Maria Tallchief		24
Suzanne Musitz	Western Theatre Ballet	25
Anne Stringer	Royal Ballet Organisation	26
Christine Jope	London's Festival Ballet	26
Franklin White	The Royal Ballet	27
Irène Skorik		27
Betty Pope	Canadian National Ballet	28
Rosella Hightower	De Cuevas International Ballet	30
George Skibine	The Paris Opéra	30
		February
David Shields	Royal Winnipeg Ballet	1
Laverne Meyer	Western Theatre Ballet	1
David Scott	Canadian National Ballet	9
Peter Cazalet	Western Theatre Ballet	10
John Gilpin		10
Michael Nunes	De Cuevas International Ballet	12
Margo Miklosy	De Cuevas International Ballet	30
Ole Palle Hansen	Royal Danish Ballet	14
Maryon Lane	The Royal Ballet	15
David Mahler	Canadian National Ballet	16
Richard Ellis	Teaching in Chicago	19
Gerd Larsen	The Royal Ballet	20
Wolfgang Brunner		22
Alexander Grant	The Royal Ballet	22

Dancer You Will Know

DEIRDRE O'CONAIRE

BORN in Wales in 1938. Began training in Dublin at the age of seven and later moved to the Legat School. Joined Ana Roje's Yugoslav State Ballet School when she was thirteen and danced as a principal in her company until 1957 when she was invited to join the London Festival Ballet. She became a soloist in June, 1959.

Rôles (for Yugoslav State Ballet) Swanilda in Coppélia; *3rd Movement in* Les Presages; *Maria in* The Fountain of Bakhchiserai. *(For London's Festival Ballet) Queen of the Wilis in* Giselle; *Odette and Leading Swan in* Swan Lake; *Pas de Six in* Napoli; *Leading Gypsy in* Coppélia; *Waltz, Mazurka, Pas de Deux and Prelude in* Les Sylphides; *Zobeide in* Pas de Quatre; *1st Movement in* Bourree Fantasque; *Store Keeper in* Witch Boy; *Nurse-Maid in* London Morning; *Diana in* Aubade.

COMING to England from Ana Roje's famous school in Split, Yugoslavia, Deirdre O'Conaire soon made an impression on British ballet, being perhaps first noticed when she danced in Terry Gilbert's *Sketchbook for Dancing* for the Sunday Ballet Club. Her arresting good looks, more gamine than beautiful, have a striking mixture of simplicity and sophistication, and these qualities are carried over into her dancing. In modern ballets she has been outstandingly successful her performance in *Bourrée Fantasque,* for example, is superlative) but in some purely classical rôles she at present shows a tendency towards a certain exaggeration. Nevertheless, she should have a very big future ahead of her.

Nijinsky, and after

Nijinsky, a biography by Françoise Reiss (translated by Helen and Stephen Haskell) (A. & C. Black, 30*s.*)

MOST of what has been written about Nijinsky is contradictory and confusing. That is, of course, apart from people such as Karsavina or Sokolova who were mainly concerned, in their books, with his performance in the ballet. The trouble of course with most people connected with artists as great as he, is that they tend to become biased and lose a sense of balance and proportion — which is why dancers invariably make the worst critics of ballet. I think that most of the present generation have got so tired of attempting to piece the Nijinsky story together that they have given up trying and just left it that he was possibly the greatest male dancer of this century. Now, along comes a lady, Françoise Reiss, who had no particular interest or connection with ballet but who decided to do a thesis on Nijinsky for the Sorbonne. So successful was this that it was enlarged into a book, published in France and is now translated into English by the children of Arnold Haskell. It is only somebody so "disconnected" who could go to such immense trouble to get her facts right — she has no personal memories of Nijinsky, nor was she involved in any way with the Diaghilev ballet, so everything becomes quite dispassionate. It is this very quality that makes the book rather dry but, at the same time, immensely valuable. The plate glass window that appears between the reader and the subject is occasionally melted by utterances from people like Alexandre Benois or Michel Larionov, who were amongst the many who helped Françoise Reiss with her task. This important book should without question be a companion to all the other books you probably have about the great dancer. My one hope is that the last word has now been written on the whole subject. We now know as much as anybody has a right to know about a fellow being, and it is time that one who soared so briefly and so magically across and above the earth's surface should be allowed to rest in peace. Apart from anything else, the book is worth the money for sixty-eight photographs which graphically show his rise, height and decay — the sixty-ninth is one of the last ever taken of him and should be suppressed.

P. W.

For the fifteenth time — with excitement!

The Ballet Annual :15, edited by Arnold Haskell and Mary Clarke (A. & C. Black, 30*s.*).

"THIS has been an exciting year of dancing," says the introduction to this 15th annual event. I began to wonder if we had been living in the same year until I realised that the *Ballet Annual* year goes from August to August. Not even the most enthusiastic of us could possibly regard the 1960 calendar year as having been anything other than the dreariest since the last cessation of world hostilities. Apart from *La Fille Mal Gardée* and the higher standard of Royal Ballet dancing I can think of little to make me ever wish to see its like again. But even the "Ballet Annual year", which at least had Ballets : U.S.A. in it, gives little feeling of excitement. The focal point of this volume is a "Homage to Ashton", a timely homage from those who have been nearest to him in his career. Then Karsavina, who can never say anything unimportant, writes about Alexandre Benois. After that the excitement comes with a picture of that eternal principal boy — Dorothy Ward — and in an article on Ballet Programmes by Alan Jefferson. It is only the unexpected that is exciting, and these items were rather unexpected. A little more of the unexpected would make this annual more palatable, and so, now I come to think of it, would it make the whole art of ballet. Though the many photographs — excellently produced and chosen — prove that dreariness has not quite come to stay — it is, perhaps, only settling lightly.

P. W.

Scrambled Americana

The American Ballet, by Olga Maynard (Macrae Smith, Phil., $7.50).

IN his foreword to this volume Ted Shawn hails the author as "a major new talent in the constellation of writers about the dance", but he has obviously quite overlooked the fact that this book is so full of errors in items and dates that it would take more space than this review to list them. More seriously, though, it will require at least a dozen subsequent volumes to right these mis-statements. Here, for instance, are two of the most blatant : a caption for a picture of Ballet Rambert dancing at Jacob's Pillow in "Balanchine's" *Gala Performance,* which, correctly, was choreographed by Antony Tudor ; again, "In 1928 Ninette de Valois had a school and company resident at London's Old Vic

Continued on opposite page

Antonio's Moment of Truth

Continued from page 15

became an occasion for nervous giggles. After that, Matador Antonio is awarded an ear and is re-united to Love (who had the President's box for the corrida) and they are married in what looked like the cathedral at Sevilla.

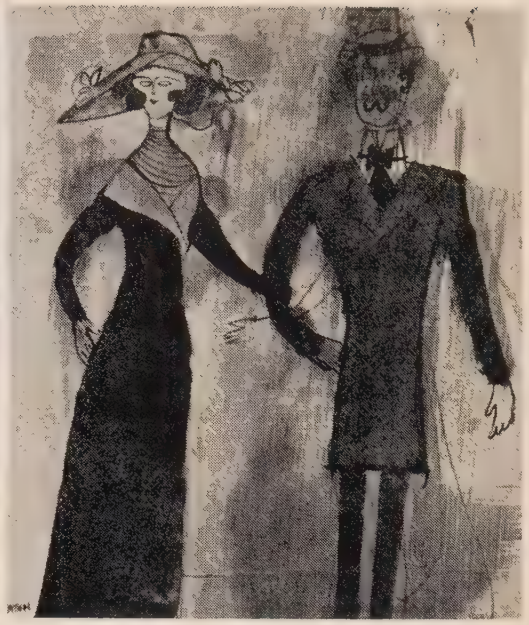
This mixture of story-telling is put over in a mixture of styles and schools of dance. Choreographically its best moments are the dance for the Mozo de Estoques (sword-bearer) and Antonio's own cape work. Everyone made the best of what they had to do and I particularly liked Carmen Rollan who is technically interesting as well as being beautiful.

Cristobal Halffter's score was competent but remarkably uninteresting. Apart from the lack of atmosphere in the aforesaid ranch scene, he never achieved any real affect in the bullring where, possibly, the only music suitable is the *pasodoble.* Like everything else in the work, Bernard Dayde's designing was a curious mixture. His colours — principally browns, yellows and blacks with occasional touches of other colours — were good and his settings were effective. His costumes were, for reasons already stated, mainly unfortunate. The symbols were so covered with scraps of rich material, feathers, sequins, fringes and basket-work horns as to resemble witch-doctors' more than anything else and what they were intended to symbolise was thus obscured. The best costumes by far were those taken straight from life. The moment of truth remains, where it has always been, right in the bullring.

The moment of truth, as far as Spanish dance is concerned came with the last part of the programme — *Flamenco Suite.* It started to glimmer through in Rosita Segovia's and Paco Ruiz's *Por Soleares* in which he showed that he is now developing, having shed the *Farucca* which for many years was his only solo, into a very notable dancer. But Truth finally blazed out with Carmen Rojas in her *Taranto.* Here is a dancer who right from her early days with Antonio has shown that she has most of what it takes to become a formidable flamenco artist. Today her personality has developed and her style consolidated. More than anyone else in the company she dances as though the music, and the deeply-felt traditions of flamenco, inspire her. She does not seem to care that her dress is crumpled or that she is not in a certain place on the stage according to the dictates of "production"; she just dances what the guitar and the cantaor inspire in her. She burns up without paying any due regard to the fact that an audience is watching her. She has a habit, which I love, of crossing the stage bent almost double clicking *pitos.* For the first time in the programme an electric current passed through the audience.

Later, she and Antonio danced a *Seguiriyas* together and we felt that we were seeing what we had come to see. They capped this with a *Bulerias* in which the whole company also became involved, everything started to hum and it seemed as though the evening was just starting when, in fact, it was just about to finish. But we were still regaled with those seemingly impromptu little dances, as encores, which Antonio specialises in. It is in these that he reveals, more than in anything else, his wonderful sense of showmanship. So, just as in the previous presentation at the Royalty Theatre *(An Evening with Zizi Jeanmaire),* the evening was saved by its final moments.

It must be as dispiriting for Antonio to learn as it is for me to write, that his moment of truth comes with those over-stamped, over-clicked and over-sung flamenco numbers which go on with no very noticeable "production". He tries so hard and so admirably to consolidate the schools and traditions of Spain's dance into a theatrical presentation, he works hard on his own school, he spends fortunes on scores, décors and costumes, he gives more of himself than any human being has a possible right to — and then most of it appears to go down a flamenco drain. It remains with a Mexican, Luisillo, to produce the most interesting ballets to have come out of the Spanish idiom recently; it remains with Pilar Lopez to have developed the most exciting star material presented in a manner conforming more closely to tradition ; it remains with Carmen Amaya to burn-up the stage from the outset and with no elaborate production. Yet Antonio has something that none of these others have — he has a permanent school from which he can draw material for the future, he has in himself a superb instrument of the dance — more than anything, he has complete faith in himself. One day these assets will combine to make the ballet that I feel sure he has in him somewhere because I too have my faith — in him.



Theatre, and an English company on tour narrowly missed being captured when Holland was seized by Germany in World War II". The author was, of course, writing of one and the same company, the Sadler's Wells, which we now know as the Royal Ballet.

The main portion of this book deals in sequence with the New York City Ballet, Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Ballet Theatre and other lesser companies and troupes. This is followed by repetitive material concerned with what the author considers the most important choreographers — Lew Christensen, Eugene Loring, Agnes de Mille and Jerome Robbins. The choice and focus on what Olga Maynard chooses as the main ballets of our era is similarly narrow, including *Billy the Kid, Rodeo, Fancy Free, Fall River Legend* and *The Cage*. However, such giants of our time as George Balanchine and Antony Tudor are only dealt with in conjunction with the companies for which they have composed and created.

Apparently the author came to view the ballet scene in America a decade and a half ago, and, since then, she has not been continually based in New York, where most of the events have taken place with which she is concerned. This is a handsomely illustrated and beautifully produced book. The publisher's blurb about Olga Maynard states: "When she came home to the United States, she knew of nothing called American ballet." After finishing this volume, one is forced to conclude that she has learned very little since that time. **Arthur Todd.**

COSTUMES FOR THE INVITATION: Above and below are designs by Nicholas Georgiadis for Kenneth MacMillan's new ballet, The Invitation, *given in London for the first time on December 30. The story, based on two books — Colette's* The Ripening Seed *and* The House of the Angel *by a South American writer — concerns the corruption of innocents during a house party. The three costumes, top left, are for guests at this party. The two, above, are for an unhappily married couple who seduce two young people whose costumes are in the picture below. These latter costumes are for Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable, who are seen in them on our front cover. Photos: Donald Southern.*

Credits and Discredits of 1960

Continued from page 5

suddenly closed its season even while an audience was waiting for a performance?

MARRIAGE OF THE YEAR: John Gilpin to Sally Judd on August 27.

BIRTH OF THE YEAR: Twins (Catherine and Diana) to Maryon Lane and David Blair on New Year's Day.

BOOK OF THE YEAR: *Dancing for Diaghilev* by Lydia Sokolova.

IMPROVED DANCERS OF THE YEAR: Anya Linden, Georgina Parkinson, Christine Beckley, Vyvyan Lorrayne, Deanne Bergsma, Monica Mason, Jacqueline Daryl, Graham Usher, Keith Rosson, Richard Farley from the Royal Ballet (1).

Lynn Seymour, Doreen Wells, Elaine Thomas, Elizabeth Anderton, Robyn Croft, Alexander Bennett, Christopher Gable, Alan Beale, Ian Hamilton, from the Royal Ballet (2).

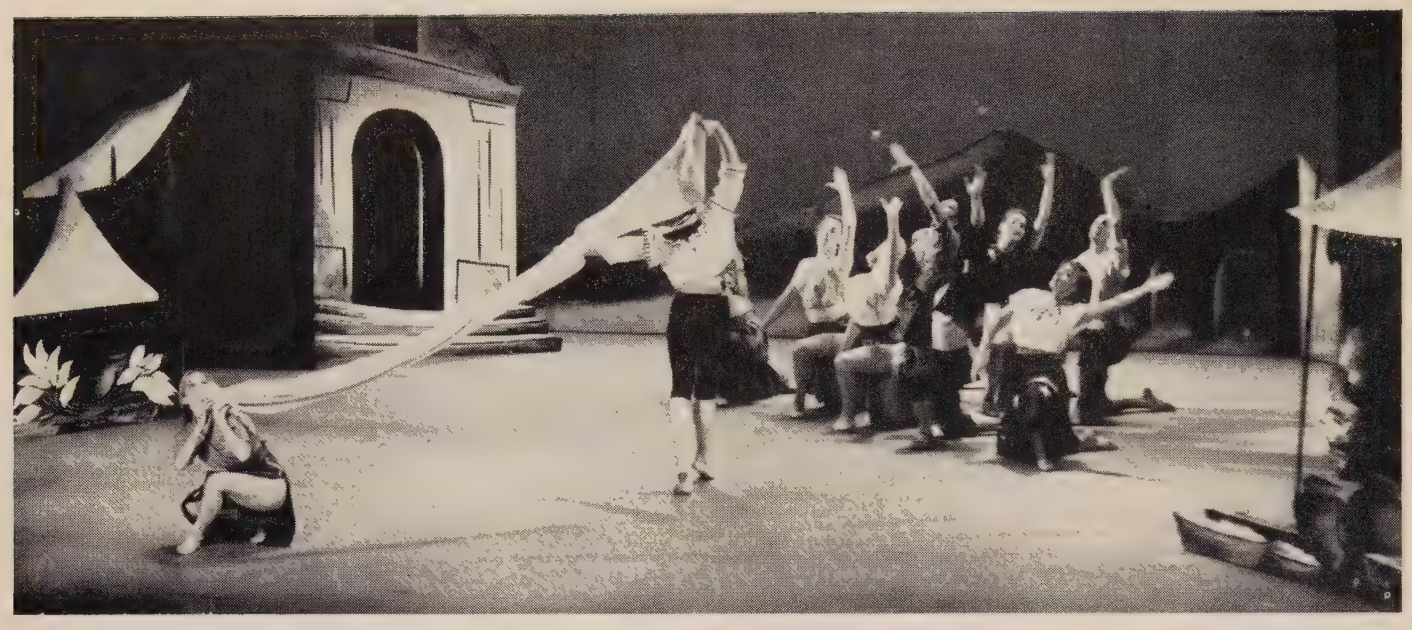
June Sandbrook, Shirley Dixon, Jennifer Kelly, from Ballet Rambert.

Jeannette Minty, Gaye Fulton, Jennifer Alderton, Ronald Emblen, Simon Mottram from London's Festival Ballet.

Brenda Last, Clover Roope, Oliver Symons, Laverne Meyer, Dennis Griffiths, from Western Theatre Ballet.

The *corps de ballet* of both Royal Ballet companies and the "new" Festival Ballet.

PLEASE COME IN 1961: New York City Ballet, Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A., Martha Graham, the Stanislavsky Ballet from Moscow, the Royal Danish Ballet, the Pilar Lopez Ballet Espanol and a major company from France.



THE WHITE BIRD: *A scene from Denis Carey's ballet, to Jorge Sarmientos music, which opened the recent programme of Sunday Ballet Club at the Lyric Theatre in London.* *Photo: Norman Taylor.*

Always on a Sunday, a Sunday...

Four new creations made up the programme of the Sunday Ballet Club's eighth performance at the Lyric Theatre on Sunday, November 12.

by CLIVE BARNES

IT is interesting, I think, that of all the many press notices I read of Sunday Ballet Club's Eighth Programme, given at the Lyric Theatre on November 13, very few indeed felt it worthwhile to mention the very high standard of professionalism shown in its staging. This is certainly flattering to the Club, which has now reached a position where most commentators would regard it of interest only if the Club did *not* reach the standards it has attained in the past. Being taken so much for granted is not, however, the kind of familiarity that breeds contempt, and this tribute *in absentia* seemed all the more sincere for being instinctive.

Equally, there were surprisingly few references on this occasion to the once vexed question of the Club's "artistic policy", and it seems as though the Club committee have succeeded in getting their "shop window" policy generally understood, if not altogether accepted. Almost since its inception the Club has protested violently that its sole function was to provide the means for choreographers to achieve their *own* ends. It will have nothing to do with cliques or factions, and has come to regard "artistic direction" almost as a positive vice, staunchly maintaining that its free-for-all conditions and amateur status would make such direction impertinent where it was not unnecessary.

The advantages of such a lack of bigotry are obvious. Firstly, the Club claims that by experience it has discovered that these are the only conditions under which it can work. It has never found anyone capable of giving it artistic direction, and even were such a person to be found, the very nature of the Club's circumstances would not permit that person to exercise any degree of useful control. All this is unanswerable, and in any case the Club can rightly point out that its characterless nature is useful as well as inevitable. Some organisation that will give an untried choreographer, or an untried idea, its head, without any preconceived "ifs", or political "buts", is clearly needed, and if the Club were to promote a specific attitude towards ballet, this function would soon be lost.

The disadvantages inherent in the Club's position reduce its importance to an interesting fringe activity on the outside of the ballet world, that every now and then may fortuitously achieve something of unexpected value, while the same disadvantages make it unusually susceptible to outside circumstances. This is the price it must pay for its "amateur", part-time status, and the reason why at best the Club can only adopt an intelligently opportunist attitude to whatever is offered it.

Experience has taught me that it is no good going to Sunday Ballet Club expecting it to reveal any very positive or progressive approach to the art of ballet or to show the same attitude to dancing that Theatre Workshop and the Royal Court show towards the theatre. But what Sunday Ballet Club has learnt over the years is how to make the very best of its chances. Like the programme that preceded it, this latest offering was just about as good as the choreographers made it. The Club may be merely a "shop window", but the glass is kept remarkably clean and well polished these days.

As all the classical ballet companies were out of town at the time of this programme, all the ballets were non-classical, danced for the most part by dancers from various London shows. All four ballets happened to be by experienced choreographers (a welcome innovation this), and two of them were composed in the jazz-dance idiom, while jazz-dancing also had a certain influence on a third.

The White Bird

Choreography by Denis Carey. Music by Jorge Sarmientos. Décor and Costumes by Juanita Waterson.

CAST

A Young Mother ... GIANNE CALIOPE
Her Husband ..... RUSSELL ARNESS
The Bat ..... KARL WELANDER
The Owl ..... ANGELA NEEF
God of Death ..... DENIS CAREY
The White Bird ..... EILEEN CROPLEY

"THE ballet is based on Guatemalan folk superstitions. In an Indian village a young mother is grieving for the death of her child. She is tormented by evil spirits — but is then reassured by the appearance of the white bird, a symbol of hope, and returns to the everyday life of the market place."

Denis Carey is a Dublin-born dancer, who after appearing first with International Ballet and later with the Royal Ballet during its first Covent Garden season, left England and has since made his career abroad. He has worked in Guatemala, Holland and, I believe, Germany, but *The White Bird*, itself a revival of a work originally produced in Guatemala, is the first of his ballets ever to be given in

England.

To meet and talk to Carey, he is obviously a man with very forthright and extremely interesting views on ballet. He has the natural qualities of leadership that one would hope for in the director of a ballet company, and I looked forward to seeing his choreography.

In the event *The White Bird* turned out to be disappointing, even though one should take into consideration the mitigating circumstances of a generally inadequate performance. The theme, based on a Guatemalan folk legend, probably had more immediacy for its original audience than to Europeans, who must of necessity regard superstitions and spirits in a very different light from a South American audience. Nor was the story especially well worked out; obviously the bereaved mother would be frightened by the threatening attitude adopted by the Evil Spirits, but why should she be pacified by the appearance of the White Bird. And even if — having read the programme note — one can grant that she might be pacified, why should she have been made positively happy by the appearance of this "symbol of hope". It was not, after all, as if her dead child had been restored to her.

For the most part the choreography looked commonplace, with flavourless national dances for the peasants, and somewhat Jooss-like expressionist movements for the Spirits. Occasionally the folksy element was given a certain strength, and I was interested towards the end of the ballet when Carey made unusual use of the music by, if I remember rightly, putting the accent of the dance on only alternate beats of the music, so that although the two were in unison the music appeared to be twice as fast as the dancing.

The music, by the Guatemalan composer, Jorge Sarmientos, made little impression on me at a first hearing, the scenery by Juanita Waterson was fairly elaborate and quite effective in the realistically stylised manner of a magazine illustration, but this is not a form of stage design with which I have much sympathy. The costumes seemed a hotch-potch. Best among the cast was Gianné Caliope as the Young Mother, although her grief was given too sharp a cutting-edge of hysteria to be altogether convincing. She is, however, a promising dancer, as is Karl Welander, a Belgian boy from the Royal Ballet School, whose dancing was lively if undisciplined. Although by any reckoning I think *The White Bird* would be accounted a failure, Carey is an experienced choreographer, and I think the Club might do well to show another of his ballets.

Sound Barrier

Choreography by Peter Darrell. Music by Pete Rugolo. Décor and Costumes by Barry Kay.

Cast

GEORGE MINAMI, JR.
CHESTERINA SIM ZECHA
with
ALEX MORROW, SHIRLEY SUNNERS, JOAN PALETHORPE, ANN EDGAR, VERONICA BRAVO, PETER JOHNSTONE, BERNARD EASTOE, REX RAINER.

KIDS are jiving in a room — at the back two of them are sitting alone. One of the boys comes up behind them and clicks his fingers behind their ears, but they don't stir. Then he touches one of them on the shoulder, and the tormented boy spins round startled. He and the girl with him are deaf — separated from the jiving group by a sound barrier. The deaf children try to join in the dancing, only to be mocked by the jivers. One of the jivers jeers at the deaf girl, and her companion follows him out and there is a fight offstage. At last the deaf boy returns victorious, but during the fight he has somehow had his hearing restored. Once he can hear he becomes integrated with the others, and he too rejects the still-deaf girl.

In one important respect *Sound Barrier* is like Jerome Robbins' *The Guests*. In the latter, Robbins introduced a Romeo and Juliet theme of persecution into a classical ballet in which the characters were dressed in practice clothes and were not given specific names. Darrell has attempted the same sort of thing in the medium of jazz dancing, and like Robbins has given no advance notice of his intentions on the programme. (Darrell had previously used this same method in his classical ballet *Chiaroscuro*, where some very strange happenings take place, ostensibly in the guise of a dance *divertissement.)*

Sound Barrier confirms my view that in Darrell we have one of the most interesting minds working in ballet today. The allegorical theme is particularly fascinating in that what seems to be a cliché is suddenly given a punch-line of truth. The final rejection of the girl by the boy is unpleasant but honest. For all its many virtues, and it was by far the best ballet given on this programme, *Sound Barrier* is not by any means a perfect work. Although the theme is presumably allegorical, this does not fully excuse the unlikely accident by which the boy suddenly has his hearing restored — the best allegories make their point with a story that is dramatically convincing on the literal as well as the symbolic level.

Darrell was also probably mistaken in casting Asiatic dancers as the two deaf teenagers, as this introduced the idea of racialism in a way that could only prove confusing to the audience (of course the ballet *is* concerned with racialism, although less than with other sorts of prejudices, such as class and creed, but Darrell, in providing his two leads with another badge of non-conformity besides their deafness, obscured the issue rather than underlined it). Also, while the idea of deafness was a good one, it is not easily conveyed in ballet, and it was unfortunate, if perhaps inevitable, that his supposedly "deaf" dancers had to dance in time to the music just as did the others.

Peter Darrell, one of the prolific "dance arrangers" of ITV's pop music programme *Cool for Cats,* has an unusually fluent command of the jazz-dancing idiom, and his choreography for *Sound Barrier* proved slick and lively. On the other hand jazz-dancing is still an alien style for the European choreographer, and Darrell was not able to use it with the same freedom and authority that the American Leo Kharibian showed later in the programme. This was particularly noticeable in the conventional emptiness of his ensembles, although where he was using jazz-dancing (for the first time in British ballet) to dramatic purpose, he showed considerable expressive skill, and was wonderfully supported by the beautiful and tender performances of Chesterina Sim Zecha and George Minami, Jr.

The modern-jazz score by Pete Rugolo, a former arranger for Stan Kenton, was superbly fitted to the ballet, while Barry

SOUND BARRIER: *George Minami and Chesterina Sim Zecha as the deaf pair in Peter Darrell's ballet.* *Photo: Norman Taylor.*

HENCE IN SOLITUDE: *Margaret Kovac, Sheila O'Neil, Janice Ingles and Christina Coleman in Michael Charnley's ballet to Chopin music.*

Photo: Norman Taylor.

Kay's simple setting and costumes were completely appropriate and effective.

Hence in Solitude

Choreography by Michael Charnley. Music by Chopin. Décor and Costumes by Michael Baldwin.

Cast

MARGARET KOVAC SHEILA O'NEIL
JANICE INGLES
CHRISTINA COLEMAN

"Hence in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, and the waters, and the sky. . . . There is then found a secret correspondence with our heart . . . which awakens the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture. . . ."

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE idea of treading where angels fear to tread is always attractive, and almost invariably worthwhile. The music of Chopin has become so inextricably linked with classical ballet that Michael Charnley's attempt here to match it with modern dance held out a great deal of possibilities, which to my mind were not fulfilled.

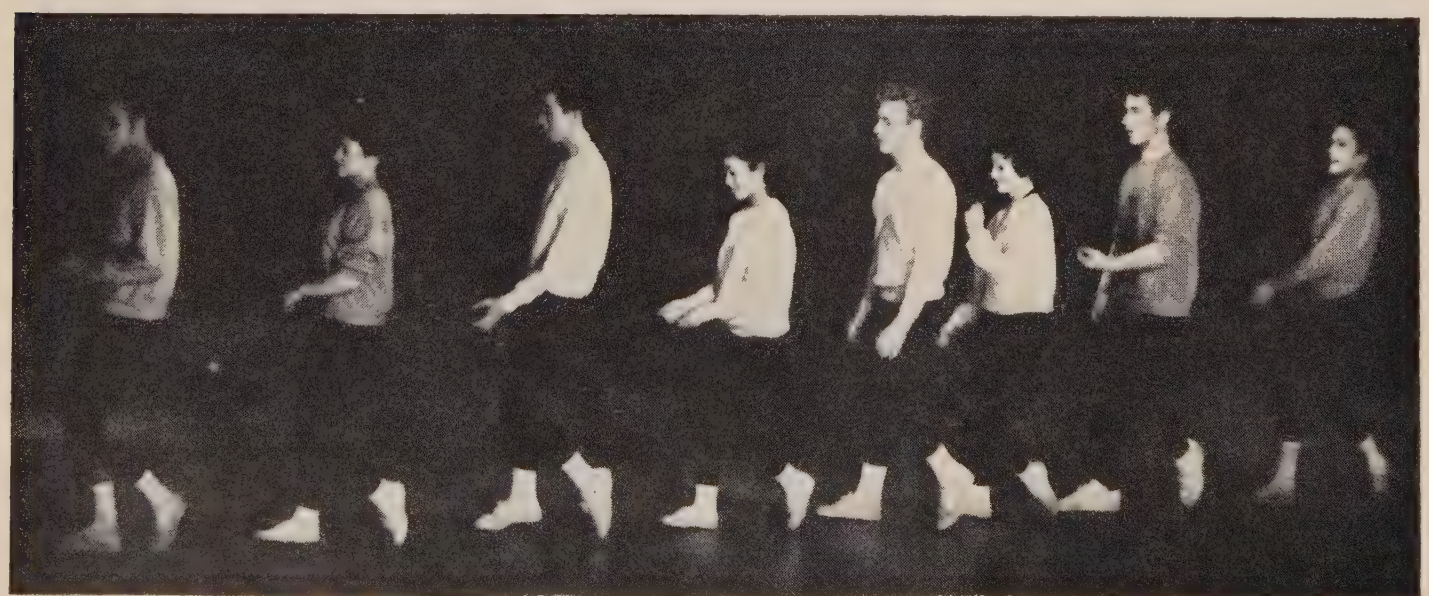
Hence in Solitude apparently took as its starting point a quotation from Shelley, but I fear that I made very little of its meaning. The ballet opened with a man and four girls arrayed behind a wooden palisade. The man walks out, and the girls dance a series of *ensembles* and solos. The man returns, calls his brood together, and they all resume their positions behind the palisade as the curtain falls.

I presume that there was some kind of symbolism involved in all this, but I am afraid it meant nothing to me, and consequently the elusive threads of narrative proved merely a source of irritation. Each of the girls at one time or another seemed to be miming either some incident in her life, or possibly her relationship with the man, such as when one of them pointed with heavy significance to her ring-finger. At another time I found myself wondering whether these girls, all similarly dressed, were meant to represent the four faces of Eve.

Charnley's choreography had a few good moments, but to my mind these were negated by what seemed to be an almost wilful disregard of the music. His style, with its influences of classical ballet, modern dance and jazz-dancing, has already been seen to very good advantage in such works as *No Lips for Comfort* and *Symphony for Fun*. The fault of this new work seemed to be that here Charnley was not choreographing to the music but merely using passages in the music as movement cues for his dancers, such as in *No Lips for Comfort* he used the Rupert Brooke poem. Some people, including nearly all of those who had seen the ballet in rehearsal, found *Hence in Solitude* an engrossing work. Although I personally found much of it aimless and obscure, I must point out that this is a difficult type of ballet to take in at one seeing in any circumstances, and since it was also part of a completely new programme, the critic would be unfair who did not admit the possibility of his receptiveness being temporarily dulled.

The ballet was well danced, with per-

FIGURES: *Dancers from the musical,* West Side Story, *in the ballet by Leo Kharibian who is also a member of that company. The score by Ron Grainer was specially commissioned by Sunday Ballet Club.* *Photo: Norman Taylor.*



haps Margaret Kovac being outstanding. Michael Baldwin's modish palisade set (or decorative feature) and ugly costumes added little.

Figures

Choreography by Leo Kharibian. Music by Ron Grainer. Costumes by Barbara Higgins.

Cast

JEAN DEAKS, SYLVIA ELLIS, ELSITA VILLANEUVA, PETER GODENO, VINCENT LOGAN, BRIAN TUCKER, NAOMI KIMURA, DAVID TOGURI.

THIS was undoubtedly the hit of the evening, and the best danced and most awe-inspiringly well-presented ballet Sunday Ballet Club has yet presented. It had been rehearsed to hair-trigger precision and gave a fine idea of the immense talent currently to be found among the dancers of West End shows.

Kharibian is an American and a member of Robbins' *West Side Story*. This ballet could almost, but far from quite, have been produced by Robbins himself. Its similarities with Robbins' *N.Y. Export: Opus Jazz* were, I think, more confined to mood and manner rather than actual choreography, but as we in England have seen comparatively little authentic, undiluted American jazz-dancing, it tends to look more alike to us than it actually is. There is no doubt that Kharibian can use this idiom with masterly professionalism, which is all the more impressive to us because of its exoticism. On the other hand Robbins utilises jazz-dancing (as indeed did the far less certain Darrell earlier in the programme) to expressive purpose, whereas Kharibian was content to aim merely at theatrical impact. The result had something of the air of a pastische rather than a genuinely motivated work of art, but it would be a dull dog who would not have been stirred by its brash, extrovert vigour.

The score, specially commissioned from Ron Grainer, was as expert as the choreography in making second-hand first-rate effects, and the production was aided by Frazer Lowden's lighting and Barbara Higgin's simple variations of practice costumes. The work was so excitingly and efficiently danced that it would be unfair to mention any individuals by name.

Dance and Dancers . . . AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET
(Touring Section)

Oxford Belles

IT is most distressing, but I sometimes think I must be the kind of person Dame Ninette de Valois calls a balletomane-critic. Not only have I, in my time, criticised almost as many balletomanes as Peter Williams, but I still get a childlike (or is it childish?) pleasure out of going to the ballet. Imagine then if you can the thrill of sheer happiness that ran through me at the prospect of going to Oxford, to see the Royal Ballet at the New Theatre presenting three (no less) new Auroras in *The Sleeping Beauty*. I did not walk on air because my feet are too close to the ground, but the prospect threw me into a frenzy of anticipation — a week-end with three new Auroras is to me what a Cup Final might be for somebody else.

Unfortunately, my garland of Auroras, my hat-trick of débutantes, my memorable experience, was not to be. Elizabeth Anderton was on the sick-list and unkind Fate had reduced my trio of Beauties to a mere duo. It was hardly the same. Inwardly cursing the opportunity so nearly mine, I turned up at the theatre with bitterness in my heart.

Soon after I had taken my seat my ears were assailed by the sounds made by thirty-odd members of the Musicians' Union (I presume they were members of that stalwart body) who had been gathered together under the title of, and I quote from the posters, "A Symphony Orchestra". They were playing the National Anthem, a fact I particularly noticed because everyone around me stood up. They later played most of the music Tchaikovsky composed for *The Sleeping Beauty*, and they played it to the best of their ability. Obviously Covent Garden would find it difficult to send an orchestra round the Provinces large enough and good enough to do justice to *The Sleeping Beauty*. But until they can find an orchestra large enough and big enough, I suggest that they stop sending *The Sleeping Beauty* itself round the Provinces. The choice is fairly simple I should have imagined.

The fact of the matter is that Covent Garden sends the Royal Ballet out in a way that does not permit it to give of its best. Not only is the orchestra inadequate and the repertory apparently selected with an eye firmly fixed on the box-office, but the young dancers — among the best in the country — are ridiculously overworked. If the company must give *The Sleeping Beauty* and other full-length classics six times a week, it should have at least a dozen more dancers to share the incredible burden. This is quite typical of the Covent Garden management's cheeseparing attitude to ballet, another aspect of the mentality that can send the senior company on a tatty, dollar-earning tour of North America, or permits the Ballet School to go cap in hand to the public for charity so that it might train more of the dancers best fitted for training, rather than those best fitted to pay its necessarily steep fees. Ballet in Britain must have more State money to survive, and just as long as Covent Garden itself has not got enough money to meet its full responsibilities (and I admit it hasn't) then ballet will always have to go the wall. Write to your M.P. about it—it only costs threepence. (Also remember to mention that you would like to see the considerably increased grant separate from the Arts Council's, and already docketed partly for the maintenance of Covent Garden and shared services, partly for the opera company's salaries and productions, partly for the ballet company's salaries and productions, partly for the formation of an opera school, and partly for the upkeep of the Royal Ballet School.)

However if I found a lot to make me angry about the Royal Ballet's appearances in Oxford, I also found a lot to make me glad. In the circumstances, the company was dancing remarkably well, and these performances showed a distinct all-round improvement over the performances of *The Sleeping Beauty* I saw last year in Sheffield. For a start the company has fresh décors and costumes, and while I like the new Oliver Messel designs no more in Oxford than I do in London, at least the production no longer looks poverty-stricken as it did last year.

The Assistant Director, John Field, the ballet-master, Henry Legerton and the ballet-mistress, Lorna Mossford, have also obviously done wonders in keeping up the spirits of the company, and maintaining the level of technique. These were by no means tired performances, and in many instances individuals have made striking improvements.

The two newcomers both proved valuable acquisitions to the Royal Ballet's tally of Auroras. Although both Doreen Wells and Lynn Seymour were individually promising, it gave an added interest to the occasion to see just how divergent that promise appeared. In almost every way they provided a complete contrast. I saw Wells first, and I was particularly interested in noting how she acquitted herself in this her first ballerina rôle. Although she has been with the company for some years, it seemed until a few months ago as though she was going to miss the big chance and to remain as a senior soloist at Covent Garden. Then at the end of last season Susan Alexander left the Royal Ballet making a "ballerina" vacancy with the second company, and Wells was given the offer of filling her place. I remember I first heard of the appointment with almost as much surprise as pleasure, and I was intensely curious to see how she had made out.

Being able to see her dance *The Sleeping Beauty* twice at Oxford, and then catching her again a fortnight later at the Kings Theatre, Southsea, gave me a moderately good opportunity to study her first sketch of the part in some detail, and although the standard of performance varied a little, by and large I was vastly impressed. She is, and has been ever since I can remember, a marvellously accomplished classical dancer. Her work has always had a polish and finish, a sort of sweet stylistic rightness and a touch of individuality, a certain strength that made her stand out even in the *corps de ballet*. Now, for the first time, her personality has had room to expand, and it would be doing her a disservice to suggest that it has as yet expanded far enough. Although her performance as Aurora was extremely assured, it was perhaps the pert assurance of a starlet rather than the radiance of a star.

Her style of dancing and her appearance were very well suited to the part, but both her acting and her dancing were too much on one emotional key. Her smile was too ready and a shade too fixed, and the pleasantly spirited attack she brings to her dancing was too unwavering to be completely effective, a tendency that was emphasised by her obvious "spotting" in turns. On the other hand, her dancing was beautifully musical, her transitional movements were accurate and unflurried (which is one of the reasons why, I suppose, she is more a classical than a Romantic dancer) and her whole performance had a memorable ease and welcome sparkle about it.

Lynn Seymour I had to assess on one showing, and that at a matinée. It was a good performance and will obviously be better, but certainly the part does not fit her quite so instinctively as does Odette/Odile. Her first act was in places technically suspect by contemporary standards, but to offset this she achieved a most bewitching identification with the part of the young princess, more tender than some and graver than most. Her Vision Scene had a great deal of allure, and it was interesting that her dancing got progres-

sively better as the ballet proceeded, with the solitary exception of a last act variation that was too muzzy in its detail for the crystalline music.

Seymour is an ever-developing artist, and the obvious confidence the Royal Ballet has placed in her seems justified by her every appearance. She can merge character and dancing in a manner that often recalls Chauviré, and no praise could be higher, but, but, but the finer the artist she becomes the more marked is the discrepancy between her artistry and her technique. Her instinctive sense of bravura, her natural eloquence and her splendid *ports de bras* can often disguise her other deficiencies, such as a failure to pull her knees straight and an apparent carelessness about her feet. Her face is still not quite expressive enough, but this will develop naturally with the progress of her portrayals. As her performance in *The Invitation* shows she is capable of dramatic heights, and in her classic rôles her acting and dancing are so well balanced that it would be a mistake to consciously add to her acting in a way that might appear self-conscious and detract from her present rare spontaneity.

Wells was partnered by a much-improved Alexander Bennett, who acted the Prince with an unforced gallantry, lifted and partnered better than I have ever seen from him, and danced well with good elevation. Only the fish dives in the last act *pas de deux* appeared to give him and his partner any anxiety.

Desmond Doyle, Seymour's partner, also continues to improve. His partnering is completely secure (with a particularly stunning one-handed lift to the final fish dive of the *pas de deux),* his manner is virile and assured and his dancing is brilliant. So far Doyle has reserved his best form for provincial audiences, but he has become a fine *premier danseur,* by any standards you care to name.

Not all of the smaller rôles were well danced — not by any means — and the company is not so strong as the senior group. Yet there was nothing blasé about the performances, and nearly everyone seemed to know how to make the best of themselves. Outstanding was Henry Legerton's Carabosse, powerfully drawn and carefully characterised. My one small objection on a point of detail was to his habit of throwing Cattalabutte's hat over his shoulder so that it consistently hit one of the supposedly stone arches and made the foundations tremble in a most canvas-like manner. Of the two Lilac Fairies, Barbara Remington and Carol Needham, the latter, who is very reminiscent of the young Beryl Grey, was, I thought, the better. At these performances her dancing of the variation had a slight edge over Remington's, and her manner was a shade simpler and grander. Remington is a promising dancer, but needs more authority and should try to take the trace of patronage out of her sweetness.

Neither of the pair of Blue Birds proved ideal. Audrey Farriss looks as though she has developed certain unfortunate facial mannerisms, while her actual dancing tended towards exaggeration and was far too forceful. Johaar Mosaval was far from ideally cast, but did a reasonable job of hiding the fact. The other pair of Blue Birds, Judith Maden and Michael Coleman, were too gauche and inexperienced to be completely satisfactory, but Coleman is obviously a good bet for the future. His technique looks exceptionally secure, but he still needs better finish and a more impressive stage presence.

Donald Britton, David Boswell and Terry Westmoreland made perfectly adequate and lively Ivans, although they were not up to the best of the Covent Garden trios. Outstanding in the last act *divertissements* were Christopher Gable and, to only a slightly lesser extent, Ian Hamilton as Florestan. Both danced with brio, style and plenty of *ballon.* At the matinée performance Mosaval produced a deftly characterised Puss-in-Boots, probably the most amusing in my experience.

Of the five Fairies in the Prologue (the Crystal Fountain has dried up in this production), the crisp and elegant Elaine Thomas was outstanding as the Fairy of the Song Birds, while Joan Blakeney was neat and confident as the Fairy of the Woodland Glades.

On November 10 the company gave the first performance of Kenneth MacMillan's *The Invitation,* upon which London critics were particularly asked to withhold comment until its first Covent Garden performance. Later that same week I also saw a performance of *La Fête Etrange* about which Covent Garden might like to do a little bit of commenting on their own account. It was a travesty of Andrée Howard's ballet, shabbily staged, insensitively danced and worst of all, the penny-counting management had not even had the grace to produce a singer, so the voice was cut out from the two songs, greatly to the detriment of the ballet. When the Ballet Rambert go on provincial tours they do not take Tudor's *Dark Elegies* because they are unable to run to the additional expense of a singer for Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder.* This is known, I believe, as "artistic integrity".

C. B.

Southsea Bubbles

UNDETERRED by the fact that there is not one place in Southsea named in Raymond Postgate's *Good Food Guide,* and undaunted by the further fact that it started to rain almost as soon as I arrived there, I got to the Kings Theatre on November 26 drenched through, in a fine old humour and in time to see the matinée performance of *The Sleeping Beauty.* (Not only is it a tiring business chasing around after the Royal Ballet, it is also deucedly expensive — a consideration which I trust one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Taxes will take account of in due course.)

As I quietly dried myself in the Dress Circle, and passed round my chocolates in the approved manner, my attention was caught rather forcibly by a young man appearing as Carabosse. His name was David Gordon, and as he also played the rôle in the evening I had ample time to watch him. He is young, inexperienced, definitely promising (he danced the Burgomaster in the School performance of *Coppélia),* but his Carabosse needed toning down considerably. To have been given a principal part so soon after joining the company is a terrible responsibility, but all the work I have so far seen from him shows, I think, a dangerous tendency towards over-emphasis. This Carabosse was altogether too hysterical to carry conviction, something like a cross between Old Mother Riley and Martita Hunt in *The Mad Woman of Chaillot.* Gordon very probably has a distinctive talent, but this talent is not yet mature enough to enable him to play Carabosse with one of the world's great ballet companies — not even in Southsea.

Of the rest of the matinée, with the leading rôles taken by Wells and Bennett, there is little to say that I have not already said in writing about the Oxford performances three weeks earlier. However, I was mildly impressed by Jennifer Layland's jumps in the Florestan *pas de trois* (the carriage of her body is a little gauche and her fingers tend to splay out too much, but for all that I thought she was the best of the currently large Florestan sisterhood), and I was extremely distressed by the flaccid conducting of Ralph Mace. Both here and in Oxford he made Emanuel Young seem like a Constant Lambert.

My presence in Southsea was, however, really occasioned by the evening performance, which gave me the opportunity to catch up with Elizabeth Anderton's Aurora. Although I suppose quite a lot of her performance should have been predictable, its total effect came as something of a pleasant surprise. Here, already, is one of the most intelligently thought out portrayals of the part I have ever seen, and her characterisation was distinguished by beautifully contrived acting. Unlike Wells, Anderton is not type-cast by nature for Aurora, and it would perhaps be true to say that she lacks something of the air and authority of those who are classical ballerinas by right rather than by assumption.

For the first two acts her dancing had much to commend it, the Rose Adagio was strongly danced, followed by a decently meticulous variation, and a diagonal of *grand ecartés en l'air* at the beginning of the spindle sequence that for bounce and *élan* could nearly rival Nerina's. The openness of her dancing in this act was well contrasted with the softer, more Romantic approach she brought to the Vision Scene, which showed a nice differentiation between Aurora and her vision. Where her dancing was far less satisfactory was in the last act, although by this time she may possibly have been tiring, particularly after her recent foot trouble. However, this should not have affected her fish dives, which were notably uncertain, and transferred her partner into more of an angler than a cavalier. She also showed a tendency to polish off the final pose of her supported pirouettes with too assertive a flick of her arms. Her dancing throughout seemed fairly well on the beat, although there was at this stage naturally no *rubato* in her phrasing, and she seemed to me to lack fluency. It was, however, taken all in all, a most hopeful performance, and together with Seymour and Wells, she forms a trio of Auroras of which any company could be proud.

Anderton was partnered by Bryan Ashbridge, and was greatly helped by his self-effacing double work. The only novelty in the rest of the performance was the conducting of Alexander Faris. He is described as a "guest conductor", and has previously appeared in the same capacity at Covent Garden. He accompanied the dancers well, and they seemed to respond eagerly to his tempos. He also dealt fairly with Tchaikovsky, and allowing for the limitations of the orchestra, the score sang out with something of its genuine eloquence and grandeur.

C. B.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

Revolution in Surrey

THERE has been a quiet revolution occurring in Festival Ballet. Those ladies — and I'll not embarrass any once well-publicised dancers by mentioning names — who used to dance with such graceful condescension have been overthrown, while, in all, 22 dancers have left. Though it bears more resemblance to a new company starting not far from scratch than to an old

one consolidating itself, everything is in more promising shape. Replenished by 16 new dancers, the company has a more enthusiastic, alive "look". Moreover, the principals themselves are mostly back in top form, whereas during the London season few were anywhere near their best.

The stage of the Odeon Cinema, Guildford, where they started a week's season on November 14, is virtually all apron and no depth. In *Swan Lake* this necessitated Deirdre O'Conaire as Odette making what looked like three false starts in her diagonal descent of travelled turns, while the front lighting produced some disconcerting silhouette effects. The new Swan leaders, especially Gaye Fulton, dance better than their predecessors, Ivan Baptie is a presentable Benno, and there is good cohesion in the *corps,* despite the fact that one particular girl was obstinately out of line in every tableau. The principals, O'Conaire and Jean-Pierre Alban, though certainly more than adequate, appeared less striking than their supporting dancers. However, their lack of attack may be attributed to either or both recent injuries and the postage-stamp stage. It would be too easy to fall back on the reviewer's cliché and term O'Conaire's performance "interesting", which it is, and leave it at that. But words must be found for a fuller description !

There are two sides to her performance and one cannot close one's eyes to the defects. Her interpretation is rather flat and seemingly hollow at the core, but because of her good line, high extensions, and a sprinkling of mannerisms in her *ports de bras,* she is not dull. Technically the rôle holds no terrors for her, though in the *fouetté sauté* into *attitude en tournant* to the "My mother's tears" music, she lacked elevation and really did not get around. She has so many natural attributes for Odette that she should be able to make it into something impressive. If she can suppress her comedienne's pout on final flourishes and exercise her little grey cells a little more, she should be able to provide a performance of outstanding eloquence.

In Briansky's *Romeo and Juliet,* Jelko Yurésha, partnering Jeannette Minty, has brought his acting to a most intense emotional pitch : his *jetés* were excellent and turns well controlled, though he still needs more strength in partnering. But the audience responded even more readily to Gzovsky's *Grand pas classique,* with Olga Ferri and Louis Godfrey, who deputised for Skouratoff at the last minute. Now, because she is more relaxed, Ferri is more attractive in her assurance, but to me she appears too fiercely energetic and inclined to bully the audience into paying attention. Louis Godfrey, however — very much the Godfrey we used to admire — gave the evening an enormous boost; exuberant, confident, splendid *pirouettes,* and, of course, supremely musical.

A little raggedness can make the poster-colour pictures of *Prince Igor* even more effective and barbaric, providing, naturally, that the production itself is not slack. Woizikowsky's present one, the company's third, is closer to Beriosoff's than to the earlier Grigoriev version. Its most notable difference is the re-introduction of two chocolate-draped attendants, Gaye Fulton and Angela Symonds, for the captive Princess, now danced by Janet Kedge. How pleasant it is to see the Polovtsian warriors prancing about again with good honest sweat, and still untroubled by politics, freedom, independence or the growth of nationalism. However, much of this version's success must be attributed to the vigorous performances of two experienced Fokine dancers : Vassilie Trunoff as the Warrior and Joan Potter as the Polovtsian Girl.

E. C. M.

Guildford braces

ALTHOUGH I am old-fashioned enough to feel that cinemas are best fitted for the showing of films, I got a surprising amount of pleasure from seeing London's Festival Ballet at the Odeon in Guildford. The second programme was perhaps more interesting than the first, reviewed above, and had the advantage of opening with an extremely well-presented performance of *Les Sylphides.*

Presumably the production had been rehearsed by the new Regisseur, Léon Woizikowsky, and I was fascinated to note that he has re-introduced the male dancer's final *jeté* into the closing group. Although this was not in the original production, it is perfectly authentic, having been used by Fokine himself on many occasions. In his last revivals Fokine omitted this *jeté,* and it is often taken as a touchstone of bad taste if one approves of its introduction. However, bad taste or not, I have always thought it an improvement, and would like to see it used at Covent Garden.

The dancing of the *corps de ballet* was distinguished by its grace and liveliness, and even more by its sense of style. The soloists were all most acceptable. In the afternoon Deirdre O'Conaire in the Prélude and *Pas de Deux* danced well, showing a good grasp of Fokine's evocation of the Romantic style. She was strongly partnered by Simon Mottram, a most promising recruit to Festival Ballet from the Royal Ballet. In the evening their places were taken by Olga Ferri and Jelko Yurésha. Ferri, looking a much improved dancer from her Festival Hall showing in the summer, revealed both charm and delicacy. Yurésha's dancing was slightly less impressive than Mottram's, although he partnered gallantly and had an altogether appropriate air of rapturous ardour.

The matinee Mazurka was danced neatly by Janet Kedge, while in the evening Jennifer Alderton gave the part with slightly more strength, her fine jumps being particularly notable. At both performances the Waltz was danced with a most attractive sense of line and an engagingly windswept musicality by Gaye Fulton, who is fast developing into one of the company's most hopeful prospects.

I don't know whether anyone other than myself remembers the old music-hall song "Turn Father's face to the wall, Mother", but I was reminded of it by looking at the Festival Ballet programme. Not only has Anton Dolin departed, his name appears here to have sunk, as it were, without trace. Once, for example, the choreography for the *Harlequinade Pas de Deux Romantique* was described as "by Anton Dolin". Now, I note, it is "after Volinin". Funnily enough I could see no difference ! It must only go to show something or other ; in any case it makes life very perplexing for ballet critics to discover that what happens after Dolin is merely after Volinin.

This *pas de deux* has always been associated (at least in the Festival Ballet repertory) with the performances of John Gilpin and Belinda Wright, and neither of the two Guildford casts were able to measure up to that level. However in the afternoon Jeannette Minty and Ronald Emblen (wearing new blue costumes based on the old designs) succeeded in giving the *pas de deux* a totally different and extremely funny interpretation. Minty was in good form, and Emblen, dancing like a delightfully mischievous bluebottle, combined uninhibited corn with a rough and brilliantly ready technique. In the evening Dianne Richards and Yurésha (wearing, incidentally, the familiar yellow costumes) gave a more classical performance. Richards, who has almost precisely the same sense of urchin-cut chic as Belinda Wright, danced with piquant wit, less broad and more pointed than the matinée pair. Yurésha also showed promise in this, although his performance was more strictly classical. However, he danced exceptionally well, with jumps that were both springy and elegant, and displayed an enviable fluency, but like Emblen before him, he was not able to give quite the right *brio* to the *pirouettes à la seconde* in the *coda.*

I have always had a sneaking regard for *Harlequinade,* if only for its unpretentiousness. This quality is perhaps the very last that one would associate with Lifar's *Aubade,* which followed on the programme. This semi-dramatic *pas de deux* with intervening nymphs was specially produced by Vladimir Skouratoff for this year's Birthday Gala at the Festival Hall. Although Poulenc, the luckless composer, conceived *Aubade* as a morning-song celebrating the goddess Diana's self-imposed virginity, ever since Balanchine, choreographers have imposed upon it the story of Diana and that patron-pagan of *voyeurs,* Acteon. Perhaps this is legitimate, as Diana chased is a far more dramatic subject than Diana chaste, but Lifar's choreography is — to me at least — completely uncommunicative. Acteon is *trés Opéra,* and the rôle consists partly of spinning round like a mad thing, partly of looking noble like a Greek godlet, and partly — when all else fails him — of flexing his muscles like a self-conscious entrant for a "Mr. Blackpool" contest. Lifar's Diana is a merry broth of a nymph, who prances through the ballet, swinging an imaginary handbag, clearly on the lookout for a likely shepherd to come away with.

No ballet is ever a complete waste of time that has Skouratoff in it — a proposition that has unfortunately only too often been put to the test. He was apparently injured for most of the performances at Guildford, and only danced in *Aubade* at the matinée. A fine virile dancer, with a broodingly dramatic presence, he gave the ballet a touch of distinction. However, if, as is to be hoped, Skouratoff is to stay with Festival Ballet, it is also and equally to be hoped that the company will find some modern rôles suited to his unusually distinctive talent. Olga Ferri as Diana danced competently, although the costume did not flatter her.

In the evening performance Simon Mottram appeared as Acteon, a piece of casting, like many others, completely unforeseen by the programme and unannounced from the stage. Although Mottram had a certain difficulty in fighting through Lifar's plethora of *double tours,* the rest of his dancing proved most impressive, and he took up all the pseudo-heroic stances and poses, showing little of the embarrassment an Anglo-Saxon dancer is almost bound to feel finding himself in such an alien tradition. Certainly Mottram looks like a *premier danseur* in the making, and it seems surprising that the Royal Ballet have let him slip through their fingers. Deirdre O'Conaire, with her elegant long legs and quizzically haughty face, proved a most attractive Diana.

The programme ended with the last act of *The Nutcracker,* which was rather tattily staged, cramped into far too small a space, and yet danced with an alertness and vivacity that typified this remarkably

revitalised company. Both Dianne Richards in the afternoon, and Jeannette Minty in the evening, gave the Sugar Plum Fairy with commendable presence and personality. Their cavalier was the "always dependable" Louis Godfrey, who suddenly seems to have stepped out from behind Gilpin's shadow and become a great deal more than "dependable". His technique could be tidier (he needs to improve his landings from *double tours),* but his manner was forthright, his partnering gallant, and his dancing had a new touch of excitement.

Of the rest of the cast, Gaye Fulton and, particularly, Jean-Pierre Alban were admirably funny in Lichine's comic *Danse Arabe,* and Ronald Emblen led the Trepak with a zest that the two other Bouffons are at the moment unable to match.

Although the programme was uneven — later in the tour *Bourrée Fantasque, Schéhérazade* and *Coppélia* were to be introduced — these performances in Guildford seemed to be indicative of what could be a new spirit in Festival Ballet, or rather the re-emergence of its former vitality. Over the past five years or so the repertory has weakened disastrously, and the company still badly needs new works. But certainly coming back from Guildford I felt more hopeful about its future than I would ever have dreamed possible at the conclusion of its recent summer season at the Festival Hall. A wind of change is blowing; let's hope it works up into a gale and keeps going in the right direction. **C. B.**

INDRANI

STRANGE are the ways of impresarios. The Indian dancer, Indrani, on her way home to New Delhi following a triumphant New York season, called in on London to give a few performances. As there were no dance events in the metropolis at the time, one would simple-mindedly have thought that impresarios would have been queuing up either to offer their services or to obtain hers. But not a bit of it, and it was left to the admirable and enterprising Asian Music Circle to present this fine artist at her London recitals in the unduly stark atmosphere of St. Pancras Town Hall.

She presented two programmes of temple dances in London, of which unfortunately, owing to other commitments, I was only able to see the first, on November 1.

Possibly the main interest of Indrani's recital was in the introduction to London audiences of the *Kuchipudi* style of dance-dramas, a highly expressive and strongly dramatic form of classical Indian dancing, originating in South India and dating back more than eight hundred years.

In effect these *Kuchipudi* dances had something of the manner of *Bharata Natyam,* yet in their construction and force they were more like the *Kathakali* style, even though the typically elaborate *Kathakali* masks and costumes do not appear to be used. It is dangerous to generalise, but it seemed to me that the *Kuchipudi* had all the eloquent mime of *Kathakali,* with an increased pure dance element. I found these stories of Hindu mythology, with their emphatically anthropomorphic gods and demons, most exciting and interesting.

It is extremely difficult for a Western critic to speak with anything like authority on Indian dance, when the whole philosophic basis of the dancing is founded on a totally alien culture, and the actual technical codes (or *dharma*) demand a lifetime of study for full comprehension. I suspect that much of the subtlety of Indian dancing must elude even the majority of Indians, and certainly a Western audience is likely to find difficulty in even such a basic matter as distinguishing between the facial expressions appropriate to the sentiment *(rasa)* of, say, fury *(raudra)* or valour *(veeera).* Consequently we are left to receive a purely subjective impression (naturally influenced by what previous standards of comparison we possess) of both dance and dancer.

For all this, it takes no expert to distinguish the quality, the sinuous elegance, the expressiveness and power, and the exquisite dance movement of Indrani. Equally impressive was the splendid *Kuchipudi* dance actor Narasimha Rao, and the statuesque beauty of Baliram.

C. B.

Dance and Dancers . . . . . ABROAD

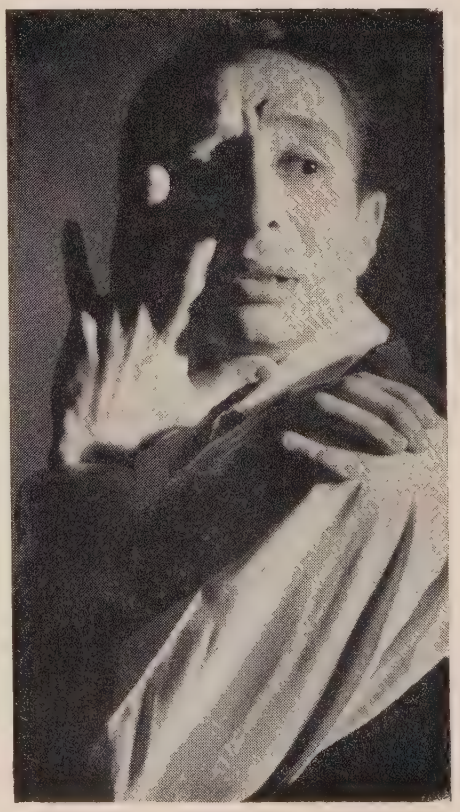
FRANCE

THE PARIS OPERA

ON October 21, the Opéra staged *Le Roi David,* a lyrical drama in two acts, with music by Honegger and a text by René Mora. Usually preference is fortunately given to the concert version of Honegger's charming score, but this time it is eclipsed by the complete version. Neither the text, nor Maurice Sarrazin's production, which is broken up into 31 tableaux, seems to merit this choice. In contrast, however, Janine Charrat's choreography deserves attention, lending as it does a particular relief to the scene of the dance before the arch, which ends the first part. Although the scenic devices which Maurice Melat originally conceived for the Théâtre du Capitole of Toulouse not only seem much diminished on the opera's vast stage, but limit the movements of the dancers, the young choreographer presents an interesting rendering of the score and theme. She treats the arm movements with particular originality, and enables the soloist, Attilio Labis, who danced with supple brilliance, to stand out from the crowd with his portrayal of the young David in the full glory of his victory. For her first appearance on this stage Janine Charrat has achieved a personal triumph and confirms her status as one of the most outstanding representatives of the new generation. One hopes to see much more of her work, but next time not from a *divertissement* but for a ballet.

VLADIMIR BOURMEISTER and his wife and assistant, Kroupenina, have arrived from Moscow and are rehearsing intensively *Le Lac des Cygnes,* which he is directing, and which will have its first performance on December 21. The two principal rôles will be taken by various dancers: as Odette-Odile notably Yvette Chauviré, Josette Amiel, Claude Bessy, Claire Motte and Marjorie Tallchief, while their Siegfrieds will be Peter Van Dijk, Flemming Flindt, Attilio Labis, Jean-Paul Andréani and George Skibine. Décors and costumes will be by Dimitri Bouchène. So that the principals and soloists can be ready in time, the revivals of *Mirages, Chemin de lumière* and *Romeo and Juliet* which were announced, have been postponed.

LUISILLO who with his company and some new works has recently opened a season at the Théâtre de l'Etoile in Paris. His group has met with great success in various parts of Europe and it is expected that he will return during 1961, to Australia where he enjoyed such a great triumph two years ago. Photo: Lido.



LUISILLO

ON November 4, Luisillo and his company began a season at the Théâtre de l'Etoile. One always watches the developments of this intelligent artist and his preoccupations with the problems of his art with real interest and sympathy. Together with the dances already known, such as *Trigales de Trebujena, Gigantes y Cabezudos* or *Pregones Madrilenos,* he shows a leaning towards dramatic action and psychological problems, notably in *La Espera (Expectation),* though his inspiration is not always perfectly realised. His small company, among whom special notice must be taken of Maria Vivo and Josef Ibarz, are remarkable for their discipline and mastery, and they respond well to his direction. As in Antonio's recent programme, discipline takes precedence over free improvisation, and the mood, though more intellectual, is nearer to the tradition of Argentina than to gipsy improvisation, of which *Botilleria de los faroles* is Luisillo's most characteristic example.

NEWS IN BRIEF

WITH her partner, Youly Algaroff, Yvette Chauviré made a tour of the principal cities of the Soviet Union in October.

ON November 28-29, Toni Praxmir's folk dance troupe presented songs

and dances of the Tyrol at the Salle Pleyel. On November 12, Roma Pryma gave a recital of dances inspired by Ukrainian folklore at the Comédie des Champs-Elysées. **Marie-Françoise Christout.**

AMERICA

HANYA HOLM AND "CAMELOT"

BASED on T. H. White's *The Once and Future King, Camelot,* this new Broadway musical, brought together once more the quartet responsible for the success of *My Fair Lady*: Alan Jay Lerner for the book and lyrics; music by Frederick Loewe; the initial production by Moss Hart and the choreography and musical numbers staged by Hanya Holm. Also, there was the lovely Julie Andrews as its shining star, partnered this time, and superbly, too, by Richard Burton.

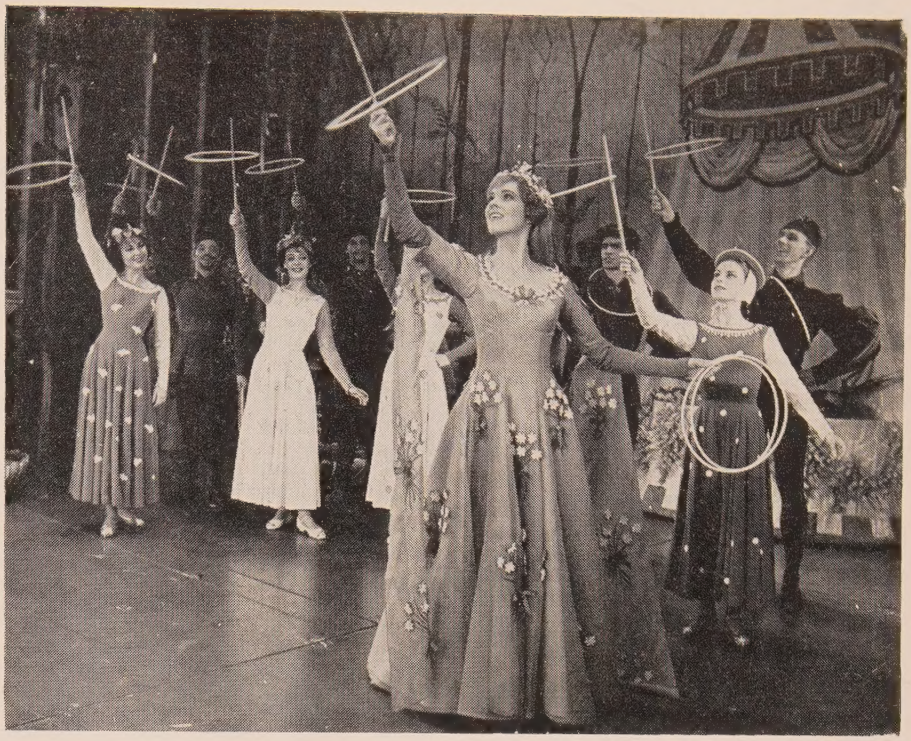
Obviously, it is not a dance observer's function to deal with the shortcomings of either the book or lyrics, nor the music, costumes and scenery of a musical. Suffice to say, there were a lack of discrimination, aesthetic good taste and expert theatrical craftsmanship all along the line with the exception of Hanya Holm's contributions. (One wonders, in fact, why after Moss Hart's withdrawal due to a heart attack on the road tour, the management didn't have sense enough to put the directorial, as well as the choreographic, reins in Hanya Holm's most gifted hands. Instead, Alan Jay Lerner took over with assistance from Richard Burton's father.) Since all recent Lerner and Loewe musicals recently lean most heavily towards exposition, there was not too much provision for real dance, as it were. Nevertheless, Hanya Holm appears to have infused dance and movement in many scenes, and it is only in these, as a matter of fact, that this sweeping pageant seems to come to life and theatrical reality. For instance, in *The Lusty Month of May,* she has provided a frolicking rural dance that has a magic sense of time and period and that actually sweeps Julie Andrews off her feet and gets her dancing, too. Again, there was *The Enchanted Forest Ballet,* with the dancers masked as fantasy animals, beasts and birds of the forest. Though cut sharply while on the road to reduce this overly long production, one wishes it might have remained in its entirety because it would have provided an ethereal enchantment that was not provided by some of the new songs added at the last moment.

Elsewhere, Hanya Holm has Richard Burton and Julie Andrews dancing together, delightfully and engagingly, in the song *What Do Simple Folk Do?* Moreover, this choreographer has directed and staged all of the other songs as well, and this has been done with such apparent simplicity that they appear spontaneous. Also most commendable was Hanya Holm's use of processionals in the court and palace scenes, and a front-of-the-curtain group of knights and squires in a moving formation with heraldic banners was another highspot. Especially notable in this excellent *ensemble* of 21 dancers was Richard Kuch, currently on leave from Martha Graham's company.

Since *Camelot's* advance sale at the box office is estimated at more than $3,000,000, it will probably play for years anyway, but it is doubtful that it can or will repeat the artistic success of *My Fair Lady.*

JACK COLE ON BROADWAY

THE most recent example of the major trend in Broadway musicals to select a choreographer-director to handle the entire production is *Donnybrook,* the musical version of the film of *The Quiet Man,* which will have Broadway and Hollywood choreographer Jack Cole at the helm for these double duties. Jack Cole, who flew to London and Ireland for research purposes during December, has since returned to New York, where he has commenced rehearsals for a March 17 première.



CAMELOT: *Julie Andrews and dancers in a Hanya Holm dance number from the Act 1 fair scene in the new musical,* Camelot, *which has just opened at the Majestic Theatre in New York. The team responsible for* My Fair Lady *was also responsible for this.* *Photo: Friedman-Abeles.*

BOLSHOI'S GOLOVKINA VISITS U.S.

MADAME SOPHIA GOLOVKINA, Director of the Bolshoi Ballet School, paid a flying visit to America recently. Mme Golovkina, who visited New York and Washington as a guest of Mary Day, Co-Director, with Frederic Franklin, of the Washington Ballet, taught a master class at the Washington School of Ballet and also appeared as guest star on a programme with the company. (American Ballet Theatre's Maria Tallchief and Royes Fernandez were also guest stars on the same programme.) In New York, Mme Golovkina observed a professional class at the Martha Graham School of Contemporary Dance and also watched classes at the School of American Ballet, American Ballet Theatre School, Ballet Repertory, and Robert Joffrey's American Ballet Center. In addition, she also found time to attend a performance of Jerome Robbins' *West Side Story* as well as pay a visit to the Radio City Music Hall and the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library.

JAZZ WORK FOR BALLET THEATRE

EVER since the initial success of Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A., other domestic companies have, quite apparently, considered following in his dance steps, as it were. (New York City Ballet has just mounted *Jazz Concert* and *Modern Jazz,* which will be reviewed in forthcoming issues.) Now American Ballet Theatre announces the world première of *Points On Jazz,* choreographed by Dania Krupska, a former assistant to Agnes de Mille, at Hartford, Connecticut, on the 16th of this month. This ballet is set to a score by Dave Brubeck, the jazz musician. Incidentally, the company starts its early Spring tour the night before this in Newark, New Jersey. As we go to press the leading stars and soloists remain intact, as for the recent European and Russian tour, but it is expected that the Royal Danish Ballet's Erik Bruhn will not rejoin this company until considerably later in the tour. Also, there is speculation of a Spring Season in New York, but no definite announcement has yet been made.

BALLET SOCIETY HOLDS CONFERENCE

A BALLET SOCIETY CONFERENCE, the first general, invitational meeting in the history of this 15 year-old organisation, was recently held in New York. The chief topic during this two-day meeting was the encouragement of already existing ballet companies in a few key cities in America to extend their activities. Among those who addressed these meetings were George Balanchine, Artistic Director of the New York City Ballet; Morton Baum, Chairman of the New York City Center of Music and Drama; Lucia Chase, Co-Director of American Ballet Theatre; Lillian Moore, well-known historian and writer on the dance; and Mrs. H. Alwyn Innes Brown, Vice-Chairman of the International Cultural Exchange Service of ANTA.

Arthur Todd.

American Modern Dance Groups

Continued from page 13.

to be equally at home in the concert theatre or the Broadway stage, it goes without saying that anything they do will have theatrical validity and excitement. In addition to Nagrin's well-known solo, *Indeterminate Figure,* the programme consisted of a large and important group work by Helen Tamiris, *Memoir,* which was "an autobiographical fragment" ; her *Women's Song,* a flowing and lyric group work ; and Nagrin's rather balletically inclined *An Entertainment.* Perhaps equally important as the new works presented, however, was the fact that these two important dance figures have assembled a superbly disciplined company that performs with style and finish. Obviously, we will be hearing more from them and soon, too.

Alvin Alley Dance Theatre

FOR their first performance in their new home at the Clark Center of the West Side YWCA, Alvin Ailey and his company provided a varied programme. First, there was Ailey's *Knoxville : Summer 1915,* based on a prose poem by the late James Agee. Though it made exciting use of the stage and the area in front of the footlights as well, it was not completely successful because Kevin Carlisle, as the central figure, seemed completely at variance in dance style with the rest of the *ensemble,* though he danced very beautifully indeed. *The Beloved,* choreographed by the late Lester Horton, and danced by Carmen de Lavallade and James Truitte, dealing with turn-of-the-century inhibitions, seemed somewhat dated in style and context. However, John Butler's *Portrait of Billie* (a homage to the late singer, Billie Holiday) was genuinely exciting as danced by Carmen de Lavallade, partnered by Mr. Butler, to the accompaniment of recordings of this late and famous singer's voice. Alvin Ailey's superb *Revelations,* a group work danced to Negro spirituals, closed the programme on a high note.

Cinderella

Continued from page 19.

by women, and the following year Ashton completed the choreographic transformation of the parts.

Cyril Beaumont (in *Ballets of Today)* has neatly pinpointed the ballet's principal fault, when he wrote : "From the viewpoint of form, *Cinderella* is uneven ; the first act is far too long, the second act just right, and the third too short." Nevertheless the ballet contains some of Ashton's most bewitching choreography, and it is the work in which his debt to Petipa is to be seen at its clearest. The second act in particular is masterly, and it is curious to remember that when the ballet was first produced it was this act — full of the most magnificent choreography — that came in for the harshest criticism by the commentators at the time.

Apart from the ballet's individual beauties, there is much in the work that was to signpost both the future of Ashton and the Royal Ballet. It was *Cinderella* that finally cemented the partnership between Fonteyn and Somes, with Ashton creating for them one of the typical *pas de deux* for which all three will, in part, be remembered. Equally, the ballet with its virtuoso rôle for Alexander Grant (alternating with Brian Shaw) as the Jester, as well as the impressive dancing allotted to the Prince's friends, gave a fair indication of the gradual rise of British male dancing.

Prokofiev's music, like his earlier score for *Romeo and Juliet,* is ballet music in the Tchaikovsky tradition. The transparent simplicity of its story casts a cruel spotlight on the orchestral playing, and unfortunately it is rarely given at Covent Garden with the style and polish it deserves. The décor and costumes by Jean-Denis Malclès are the weakest aspect of the production ; the kitchen scenes are gloomy, the fantasy settings look like scent advertisements, and the costumes are garishly unattractive. It could with advantage be redesigned, at which time possibly Ashton could be persuaded to reconsider his earlier decision not to use the *divertissement.*

Although Shearer gave an appealing account of the title-rôle (it was one of her best parts, and the brown costume Malclès provided for her showed off her delicate beauty to perfection), it was not until Margot Fonteyn returned after her injury to dance in the ballet that the part attained its full stature. Previously it had been given with effective pathos by Violetta Elvin, and it was subsequently danced by Nadia Nerina (her first full-length rôle), Anya Linden and Svetlana Beriosova. The Prince has been danced by Somes, John Hart, Alexis Rassine, John Field, Desmond Doyle, David Blair and Donald MacLeary. The "Ashton" Ugly Sister has also been danced by Ray Powell, Margaret Hill and Rosemary Lindsay, while the "Helpmann" Sister has been allotted to Peter Clegg, Kenneth MacMillan, Moyra Fraser and Gerd Larsen.

On December 15, 1955, there was another "English" production of *Cinderella,* this time given at La Scala, Milan. This was a completely new version with choreography by Alfred Rodrigues, and décor and costumes by André Beaurepaire. Cinderella was danced by Violette Verdy, partnered by Giulo Perugini as the Prince, and Joyce Graeme and Brenda Hamlyn were the Ugly Sisters. Unlike Ashton, Rodrigues made use of the character dances in the last act.

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, by Dominic, is of Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable in Kenneth MacMillan's new ballet, The Invitation, **which was first given when the Royal Ballet's touring company was recently in Oxford but which London first saw on December 30, 1960.**

SEYMOUR was born in Vancouver in 1939. Between the ages of 8 and 12 she studied there with Jean Jepson and Nikolai Svetlanov. When the Royal Ballet was in Vancouver in 1954, Seymour was seen by Ailine Philips and Frederick Ashton and was offered a two-year scholarship at the Royal Ballet School. At the age of 18, in August, 1957, she became a member of the Royal Ballet's touring company. Her first created rôle was in MacMillan's *The Burrow* (1959) and since then she has gone on to create leading rôles in other MacMillan ballets *(Le Baiser de la Fée* and now *The Invitation)* as well as dancing the ballerina rôles in all the principal classics. In February she will create a principal rôle in an Ashton ballet — *Les Deux Pigeons.* She is generally considered to have the greatest potentiality for future stardom of any of the Royal Ballet's up-and-coming dancers.

GABLE was born in London in 1940. At the age of 11 he won an LCC Scholarship to the Royal Ballet School. Before joining the Royal Ballet in 1957, he danced both in the Covent Garden Opera Ballet and in the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet. He has taken over a number of important rôles in contemporary and classical works but has recently scored a big success in the Prince Siegfried rôle in *Le Lac des Cygnes.* His first important created part is in *The Invitation.* He joins the rapidly swelling ranks of the young Royal Ballet male dancers likely to become future stars.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET (Touring Company)

at the Royal Opera House

December Covent Garden

14 *Cinderella* (Fonteyn, Somes)
17 **(M)** *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
17 **(E)** *Cinderella* (Fonteyn, Somes)
19 *Cinderella* (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
21 *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
23 *Cinderella* (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
27 **(M)** *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
28 *Coppélia* (Anderton, Britton)
30 *Solitaire, The Invitation* (London première), *Sweeney Todd*
31 **(M)** *Coppélia* (Wells, Doyle)

January

3 *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
4 *Cinderella* (Nerina, Ashbridge)
7 **(M)** *Cinderella* (Seymour, Doyle)
7 **(E)** *Cinderella* (Nerina, Ashbridge)
10 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Ashbridge)
12 *Solitaire, The Invitation, Sweeney Todd*
13 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Ashbridge)
14 **(M)** *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Seymour, Doyle)
14 **(E)** *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Ashbridge).
17 *Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote pas de deux, Façade.*
19 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Seymour, Doyle).
21 **(M)** *Coppélia* (Wells, Doyle).
25 *Coppélia* (Nerina, Britton), *Sweeney Todd.*
27 *Solitaire, La Fête Etrange, Don Quixote pas de deux, Façade.*

February

4 **(M)** *Pineapple Poll, Les Sylphides, Sweeney Todd.*
4 **(E)** *Pineapple Poll, Les Sylphides, Sweeney Todd.*
7 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Ashbridge).
10 *Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote, Façade.*
11 **(M)** *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Wells, Gable).
14 *Les Deux Pigeons,* World Première (Seymour, Anderton, Britton).
16 *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton).
18 **(E)** *Les Deux Pigeons* (Seymour, Anderton, Britton).

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December

27 The Manuel Theatre, Malta.

January

2 The Grand Theatre, Blackpool.
9 The Theatre Royal, York.
16 The Rex Theatre, Wilmslow.
23 Richmond Theatre, Richmond.
30 BBC TV *La Sylphide.*

February

6 The Palace Theatre, Watford.
13 The Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.
20 The de Montfort Hall, Leicester.

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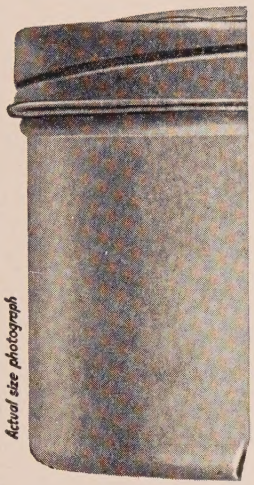

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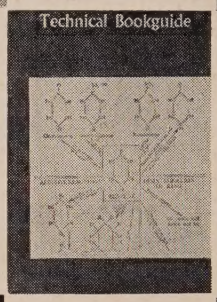

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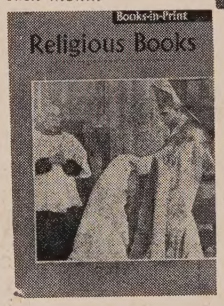

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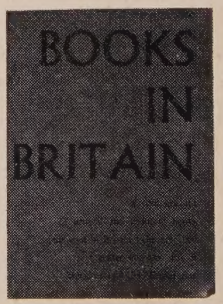

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